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THE SPHERE, JANUARY 5, 1946
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXIV No. 2398 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JANUARY 5 1946

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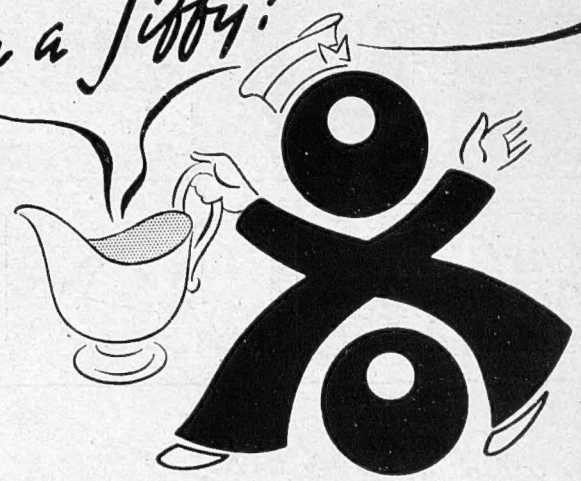

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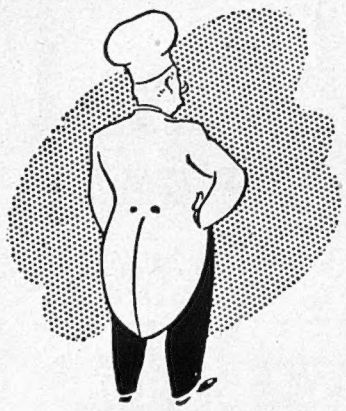

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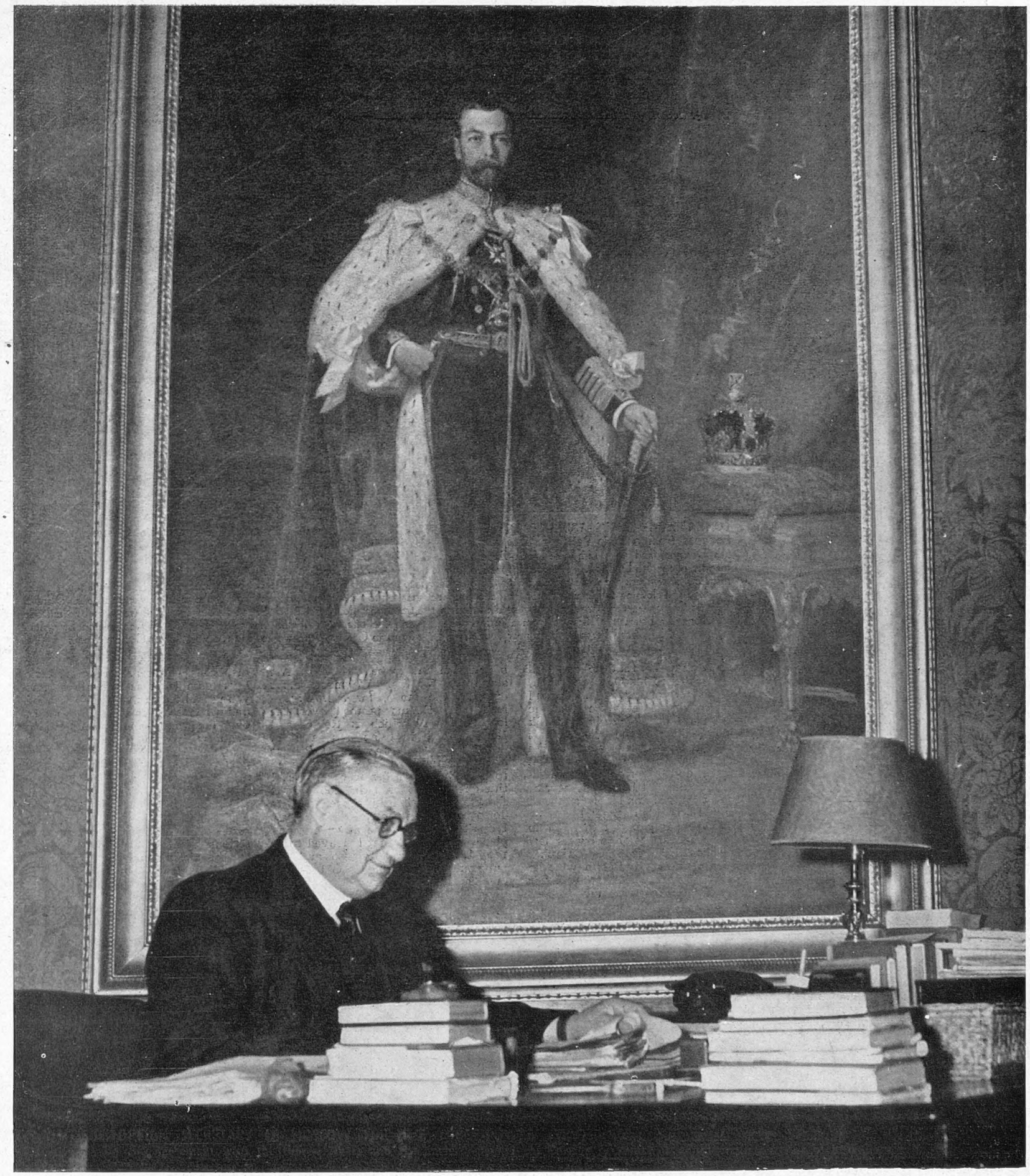
Volume CLXXXIV No. 2398 The SPHERE, London, January 5, 1946

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY IN MOSCOW FOR THE THREE-POWER CONFERENCE : MR. ERNEST BEVIN WORKING IN THE BRITISH EMBASSY on the Agreement with the United States and the Soviet. Behind the Foreign Secretary is a full-length portrait of King George V

After Mr. Bevin arrived by air, he drove to the British Embassy in Moscow, where he resided throughout the whole of his stay in the Russian capital. Amidst the baronial splendours of the great Embassy building, the Foreign Secretary, the British Ambassador (Sir Archibald Clark Kerr), Sir Alexander Cadogan (Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs) and the other members of the British Delegation worked and held innumerable conferences. Also present in Moscow was the British Ambassador to Persia, Sir Reader Bullard, who had gone specially from Teheran to meet the Foreign Secretary. Final agreement between the three Powers was reached on December 28, when the simultaneous publication of a joint communiqué was made in London, Washington and Moscow. (*See also pictures on page 3 of this issue*)

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Prospects for 1946.—The New Year has opened with brighter prospects than seemed probable earlier in December 1945. The Moscow Conference made distinct progress, apparently in a cordial atmosphere of true repentance for a very false start. If this cordiality is not watered down by intransigent utterances in the "free" Press of Russia, we may hope for a continuingly improved atmosphere. A timetable lays down limits of time in 1946 for concluding peace treaties with Italy and other Powers, small but important as regards the re-settlement of Europe. Snags a-plenty we must expect, but if the new Christmas spirit survives into the spring, they should be surmountable. There are also some signs of revival in the export trade. Demobilisation is being stepped up considerably. As regards housing, signs of progress are not so clearly to be seen, but we are in an off-season for the building trade, a point not always regarded. The spring should bring real signs of progress. The devaluation of the franc has been announced. It is a major devaluation, utterly essential for the French. Its effect on international trade is not clear to me. The major winter problem—that of feeding and keeping in order the hungry, homeless millions in Europe—has not yet reached its acute stage. The organisations concerned are certainly living only from hand-to-mouth and much depends on the weather. So far it has been tolerably kind. A long freeze-up may come any day, and then the problem *will* be acute. Meanwhile, the weather and the health of nations are more favourable than were to be expected at the New Year. There are one or two more favourable factors observable on the home front. Christmas has brought to industry and party politics a little ration of sweet reasonableness and a pinch of restraint.

C.46.—The magicians—who are still popular in our journalism—have no doubt been consulting the stars for a horoscope of this new "year of fate." I must be in the movement, though my magic library is composed only of history books. I find that the forty-sixth year in the centuries of our history is a good average "year of fate" and is bound up with the letter C. It gave us Crécy, the capture of Charles I, Culloden and the Corn-laws repeal—two decisive victories and a political and an economic event of great moment. The year 1946 may improve the average. I will not specify in what form of letters the initial letter C may label 1946 as a year of fate. Crime, commerce, construction, comfort, complaints, Christianity, Conservatism and catastrophe all begin with that magic letter linked with the figure '46. We must wait and C. I wish all readers a happy New Year; more food, more freedom; less fighting, queueing, quarrelling and questioning.

Churchill, O.M.—The latest additions to the Order of Merit will be welcomed as an honour to the recipients and as an honour to the Order itself. That Order has been very rarely let down. Once or twice perhaps, in the sphere of Literature. The men who now receive it are among the key makers-of-victory, and of them only Mr. Churchill's share has, till now, been fully known to all of us. The maker No. 1 of Victory-in-the-Air has been too long rather a dark horse. When Mr. Churchill was first approached to receive a high honour, he was wounded by the result of the General Election, and he refused the Garter. It was obvious that he would be approached again, since Honours must be an anomaly until Churchill is a member of the highest order in sheer merit. It may be that he will still add the Garter to his O.M. and C.H., whether as peer or knight will depend on his continued appetite for the political dog-fight. Myself, I think that he should pass the sunset of his days in the comparative peace of the Upper House, in which his vast experience and his ripe elder-statesmanship would still be at the service of the country, and of supreme service. It is high time that the Conservative party began to learn to stand on its own legs or to try its new wings uncoached. But Mr. Churchill was ever a fighter, and it may be he will wish to die in harness in that House whose traditions mean so much to him. But none who admires him could lightly contemplate the possibility of his petering out as a result of dog-fights in the gutter.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S TOUR OF THE 5TH INFANTRY DIVISION: Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery receives a bouquet from a little Polish refugee girl. In the early part of last month, Field-Marshal Montgomery paid a visit to the 5th Division, and with him were Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks, Commander of the 30th Corps, and Major-General Hull, Commander of the 5th Division. The first inspection was at the Freidland Refugee Camp, which is situated on the Russian border. Large numbers of refugees are still streaming over the boundary into the British zone, and the camp has been established to give them medical aid, food and clothing and to arrange for their subsequent evacuation to the west. The following day the C.-in-C. visited a Polish Displaced Persons Camp, where a large gathering greeted him in the traditional Polish style, which included a speech of welcome by the leader, a present of a bouquet of flowers from a little Polish girl and the offering of bread and salt. The tour was completed by visits to the Displaced Persons Camp near Brunswick, the Hermann Goering Reichwerkes and the Voigtlander Camera Works

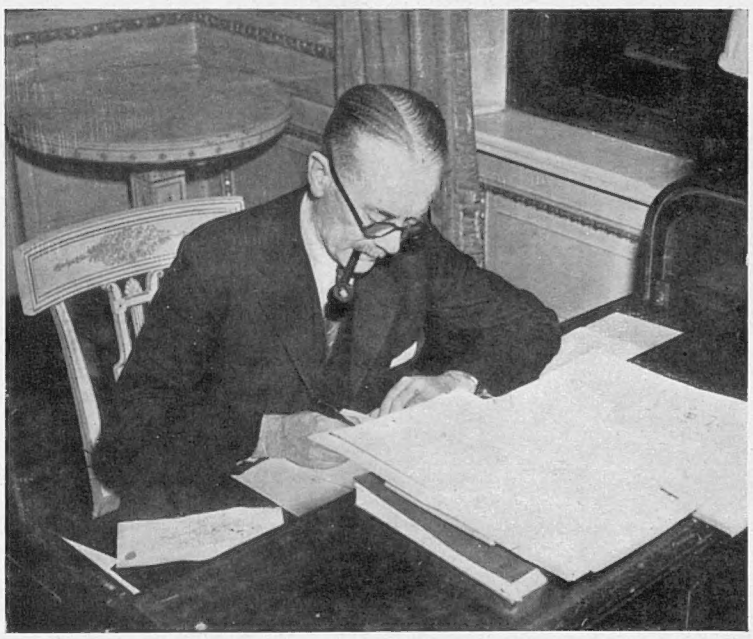
Picasso and All That.—Picasso and Matisse are not your cup of tea perhaps. They are not mine. I don't see the human form through their eyes. But do my eyes deceive me? All too often I have found it so. My furniture, of which I am proud, looks totally different in candlelight, under electric light, in daylight. My eyes register for my mind the shape and appearance of people and things seen, and I find on a second inspection that eye and mind have let me down. I never actually saw a "recumbent woman" looking as these French painters see her and depict her. But dare I say by my experience that I may not yet so see her? At the time of writing, I still prefer to frequent the National Gallery; but time was when I thought my cousin, Spencer Gore, a painter of mad and ugly and meaningless studies, and time and judgment have altered that idea. His paintings to-day hang "on equal terms," and mix very well, with my older masters, Wilson, and so on. And Art is no more stagnant than human life, nor meant to be. If we or Art stand still, we die. We must be for ever on the move, for ever experimenting. Remus jumped over the low mud wall which is Rome, and Remus is judged an ass—a dead donkey. I don't understand Picasso or Matisse and I am devotedly attached to Van Eyck and Vermeer. And so I think it best to pass the door of the Picasso exhibition in silence and to do my *talking* in the National Gallery. I don't say it *gets* me anywhere, any place. I do know that if I lived to be 100, I should find Picasso and Co. hung on the line among the Old Masters in Trafalgar Square, very much revered, or mildly scorned as Old Masters.

A Raspberry for a Pessimist.—One of my most faithful readers sent me, with a pretty picture of the Great Grey Shrike (or butcher-bird), a raspberry for my pessimism in the Christmas Newsletter. I don't know whether I should plead guilty or defend myself by arguments. I detest pleading guilty. I decide to argue. If for more than a score of Christmasses one has continuously hoped for "the dawn at last," and for peace and goodwill among men, one may be pardoned on the twenty-first Christmas Day if one begins to doubt the existence of dawn and goodwill. Alternatively, before my critic's raspberry arrived, I had already despatched an article suggesting that things looked brighter for the New Year than we had reason to expect in mid-December. And a final plea: I have in my time had many a fine, ripe raspberry from readers—and a few dewdrops. And those dewdrops indicated that I had kept some of my readers cheerful in the dark days. I think it probable that my latest raspberry-merchant should have sent me a small calomel pill instead of a raspberry. I observe that a mysterious liver complaint is prevalent among young and old in my neighbourhood—and perhaps it is catching. I hope I am over the worst—and you and the rest of the world also.

A New Experience.—I enjoy a new experience. The other day I recorded my first broadcast. Most of my contemporary authors and journalists have by now, I suppose, recorded their hundredth. It 's a very serious business, even a quarter-hour on the air. Your script is far more trouble than a 5,000-word article, albeit it be but 1,600 words. Cutting is the devil at all times, and last-minute cuts of purple patches are heart-breaking. But the experts know best. I went into a labyrinth by a hidden and anonymous door. I felt like a man wandering in the precincts of a nightmare, a labyrinth suggesting Turkish baths and dentist's waiting-rooms. I met and was interrogated by half-a-dozen efficient and utterly confident and charming young people of both sexes. I saw in the building no one over the age of twenty-five. To record my quarter-hour talk, I spoke into the mike for seventy minutes almost non-stop, what with dress-rehearsals and the real thing, and repetitions due to technical faults in the recording machinery. I did not hear my record. I am told I should not recognise my own voice. That I can well believe, for my *vox humana*, which I occasionally noted as I spoke, was not my voice but a monkeyish, shrill, affected imitation, accompanied by a rustling obbligato of pages clumsily slipped aside as used. But I enjoyed the experience. The joys of broadcasting would grow on me. I should soon enough begin to plume myself on my radio voice and dramatic art. I must cure myself by listening-in on the appointed day.

THE OLD STAGER

MR. ERNEST BEVIN AT WORK WITH SIR ARCHIBALD CLARK KERR IN THE BRITISH EMBASSY. He went by air from London to Berlin, and arrived in the Russian capital on December 15



THE BRITISH PERMANENT UNDER-SECRETARY, SIR ALEXANDER CADOGAN, at work in the Embassy in Moscow. He was one of the chief members of the Delegation accompanying Mr. Ernest Bevin

A SCENE DURING THE CONFERENCE OF FOREIGN MINISTERS IN MOSCOW. Included in this photograph are Mr. Averell Harriman (American Ambassador to Russia), Mr. A. Vyshinsky, M. Molotov (Russian Foreign Kommissar) and M. F. Gusev (Russian Ambassador to London, who returned to Moscow to be present at the meetings)

The THREE-POWER CONFERENCE in MOSCOW

THE THREE CHIEF FIGURES AT THE MOSCOW CONFERENCE—Mr. Ernest Bevin, M. Molotov and Mr. J. V. Byrnes at one of the Russian receptions

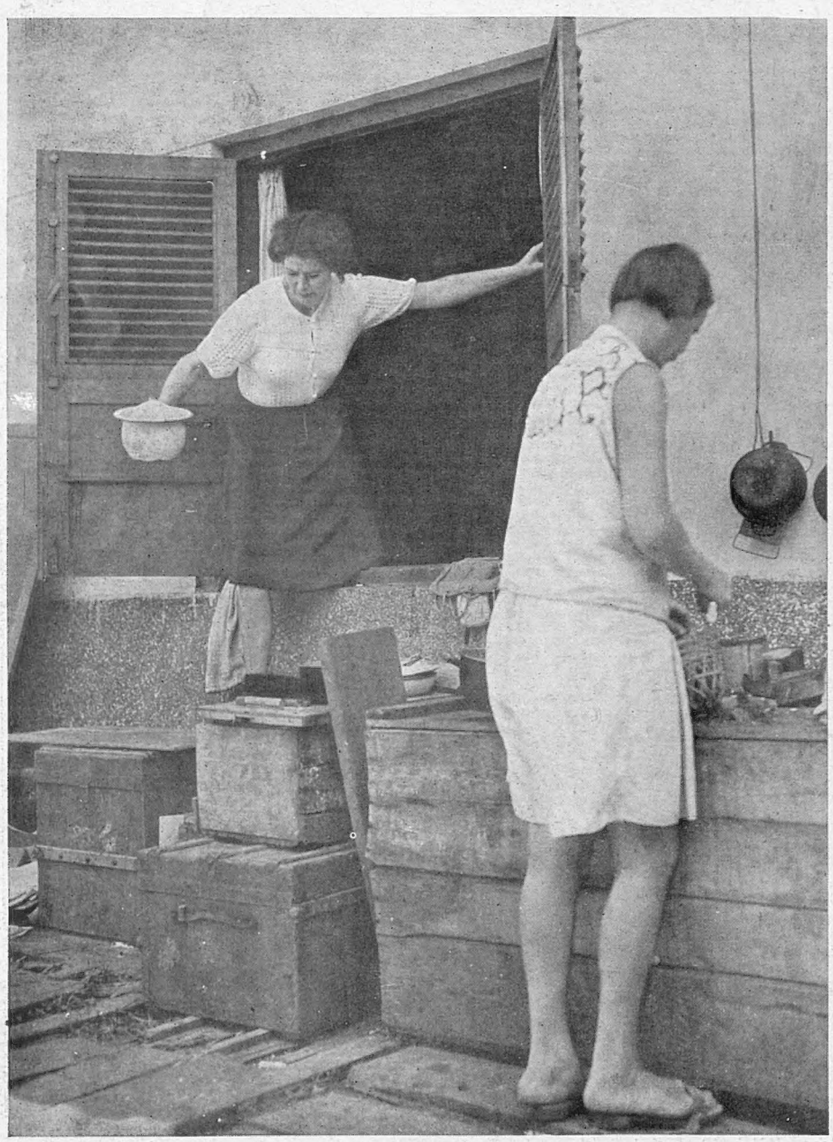
Mr. Bevin was in Moscow for almost a fortnight. He was at the head of a considerable Delegation from this country, to discuss with the Russian and American Foreign Secretaries outstanding and important subjects between the Three Powers. Most of the pictures on this page were taken in the Russian capital during the progress of the Conference

HOW MR. BEVIN RETURNED FROM MOSCOW—a picture taken as the Foreign Secretary walked across the aerodrome after landing at Northolt on December 28. He is still wearing the huge fur-lined boots which he wore in the aircraft during the cold flight back from the Continent

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE REFUGEE CAMP SET UP AT KENDANG, where the Japs had concentrated Dutch women and children. Two youngsters are carrying a water-pail : on the left a woman refugee is hanging out the washing

A REFUGEE CAMP ON THE ISLAND OF JAVA

Recently at a Press conference in Batavia, the Dutch Red Cross made an urgent appeal for the evacuation of all Dutch women and children from Java, on the grounds that it was no longer safe for them to stay ; owing to the few soldiers there to guard them, they would risk being killed by the Indonesian extremists. It was also stated that these Dutch internees were no longer in a fit state to put up with wartime conditions, since they had been buoyed up during their 3½-years imprisonment by the Japs only by the thought that, when they were finally released, everything would be fine. Instead of that, they have found that they still have to live in their old camps. Many have given up all hope of ever living a better life. This set of pictures shows conditions under which the internees have to live, notwithstanding the fact that they have been already evacuated from Semarang and are now in the Kendang Internment Camp



THIS HOUSE IN THE KENDANG REFUGEE CAMP IS SO CROWDED THAT THE INMATES HAVE TO ENTER AND LEAVE BY THE WINDOW : All the doors have been closed to make room for more beds for the women and children. The refugees in this camp near Batavia have been brought there from Semarang

A MOTHER AND HER YOUNG DAUGHTER ARE SEEN IN THEIR "HOME" IN THE INTERNMENT CAMP : They live under very crowded conditions, their only room measuring some 6 ft. by 3 ft., and containing all their worldly possessions

BRITISH TROOPS OPEN THE SEMARANG-AMBARAWA ROAD, to liberate Dutch women and children : The refugees are here being taken aboard a British plane

BRIGADIER R. B. W. BETHELL, COMMANDING THE 49TH BRIGADE (on left), whose troops opened the Ambarawa-Semarang road : On the last day of November British troops of the 49th Brigade succeeded in opening up the Semarang-Ambarawa road and escorting Dutch members of an organisation known as the "Rehabilitation of Allied Prisoners of War and Internees" to Banjoebiroe Camp, where many Dutch children had been held up by Indonesians, and bringing them out by plane and truck. Among the troops which carried out this operation were the 49th Brigade, commanded by Brigadier R. B. W. Bethell, D.S.O., which included Indian personnel of the Mahrattas and the 3/10th Gurkha Rifles. The operation necessitated burning to the ground the village of Kampong, which had been harbouring Indonesian forces

A MOTHER AT KENDANG IN HER "KITCHEN" IN THE OPEN AIR : She is preparing the midday meal for the children under her care

IN THIS LEAN-TO GARAGE A MOTHER AND HER SIX CHILDREN LIVE IN INTERNMENT : Five of them are here waiting for something to drink as mother prepares the meal

YOUNG INTERNEES IN THE CAMP ARE AMUSING THEMSELVES WITH PIECES OF WOOD : These are carved into blocks, or made into toys. The children are cared for by volunteers who look after their welfare during confinement

TWO YOUNG GIRLS HELP OUT WITH THE COOKING : Their only cooking facility is an old charcoal pot on which the food is prepared

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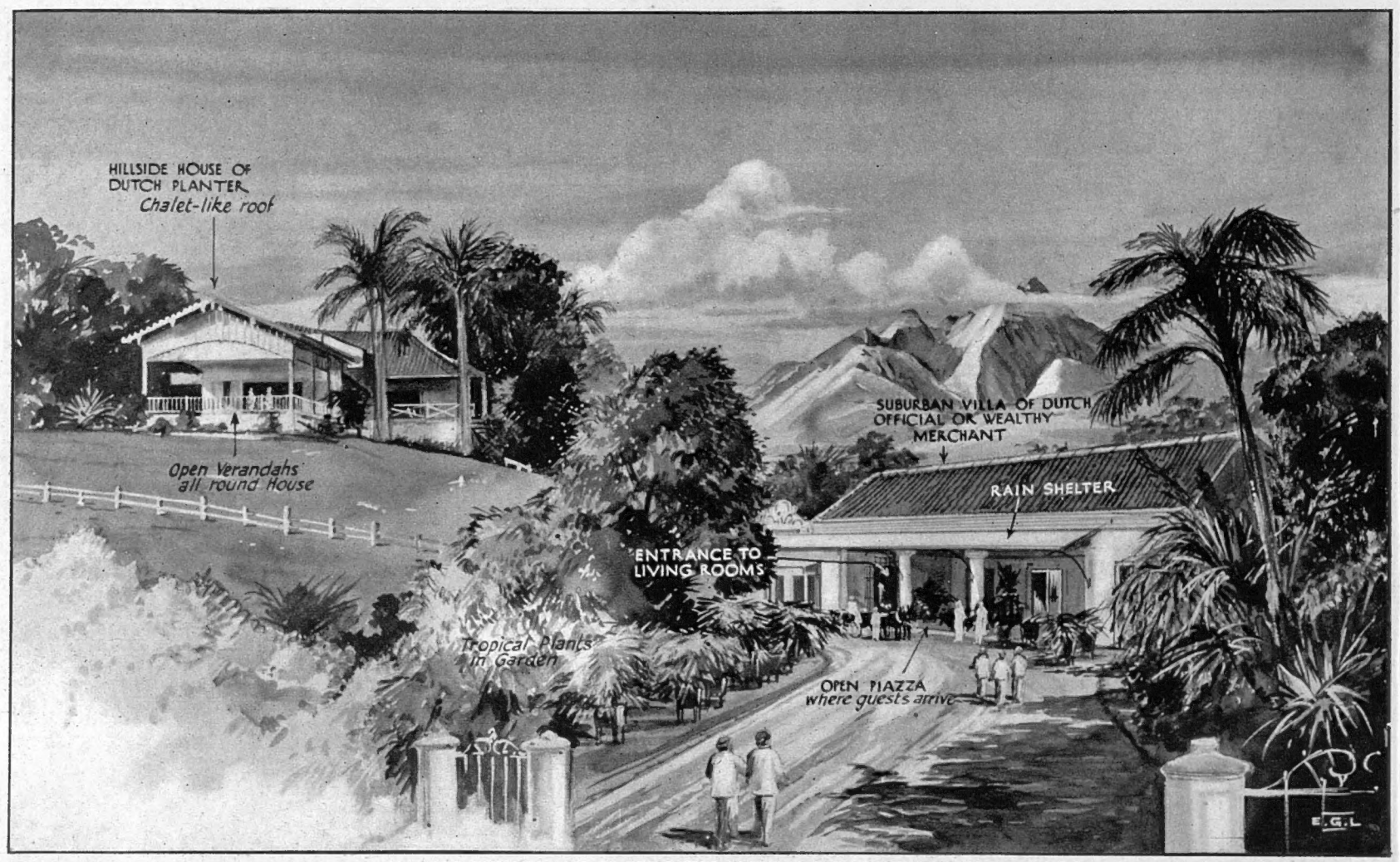


THE PRE-WAR LIFE OF THE DUTCH PLANTERS AND MERCHANTS : The type of luxurious suburban villa near the big cities and the hillside bungalows in the country district in which the Europeans in Java lived before they were rounded up and interned by the Japanese during the war—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

SCENES FROM THE ISLAND OF JAVA

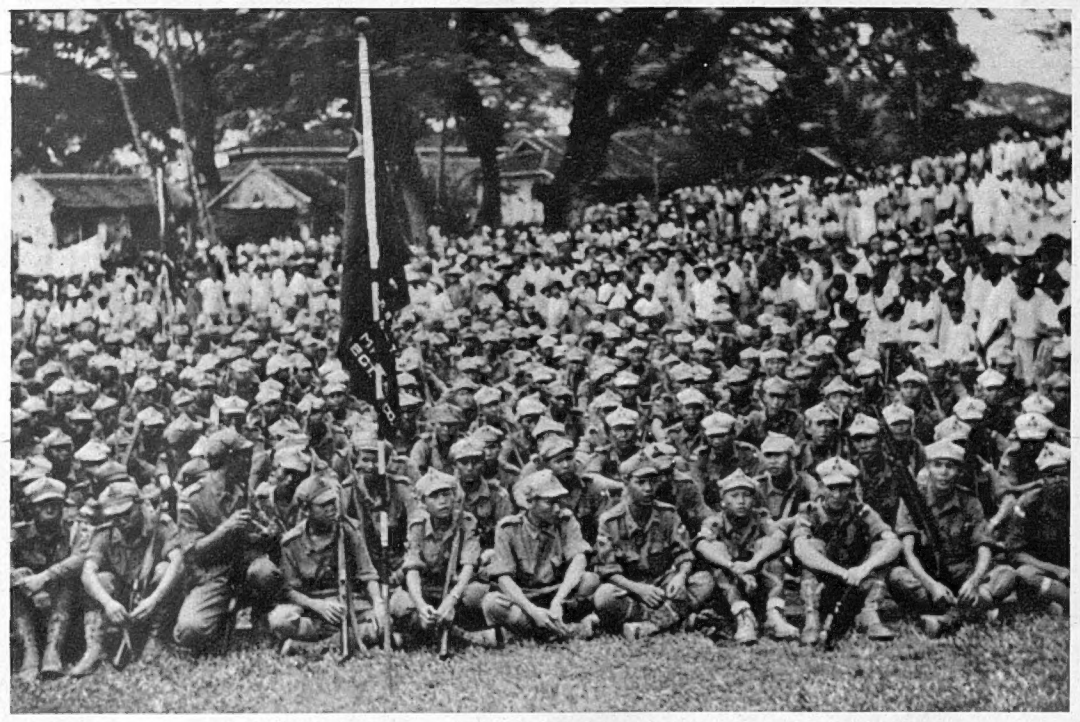
And Phases in the Revolt of the Indonesian Insurgents

—Special Sphere *Drawings*

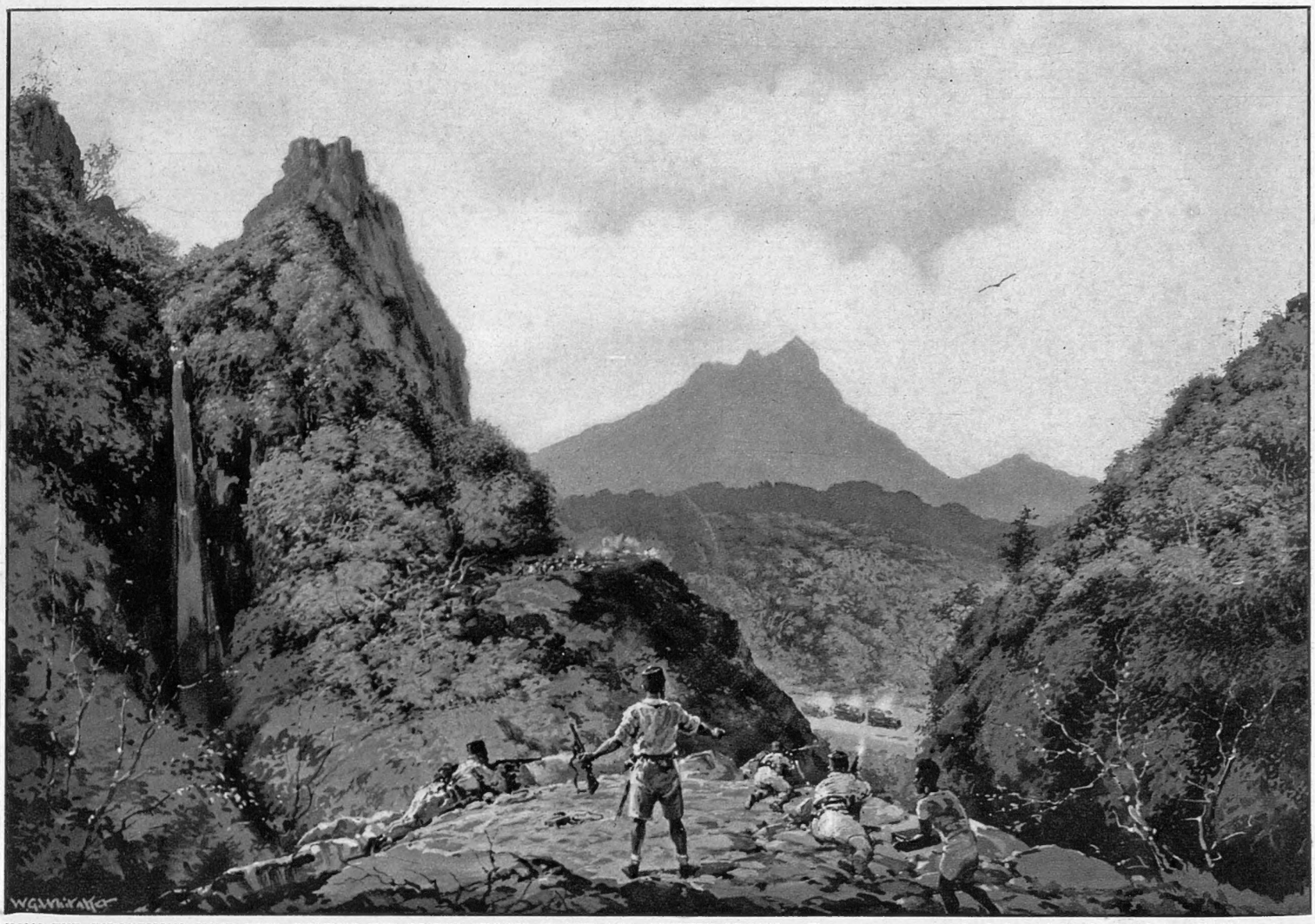
★

When the Japanese landed at Batavia and other Javanese ports after their first naval successes, they proceeded to round up the entire Dutch and European population on the island. Dutch officials left their offices, bankers, merchants and professional men left their occupations, and proceeded under guard to groups of internment camps where they remained during the period of Japan's subsequent struggle with the ever-growing power of the Allies. When the Tokyo surrender took place, the Allies were at first unable to occupy Java, and the internees remained in the camps under Japanese guards. Tens of thousands of European women and children, longing to get back to their homes, found their hopes dashed to the ground. Many of them had come from comfortable town or suburban houses, such as the one shown in the above view. Others had been living on their estates in planter-type dwellings often perched high on hill slopes. One of this type of house is also shown here. The wide roofs and open verandahs mitigate the heat of the tropics. Tall palms and giant ferns decorate the surrounding garden areas.

IN BATAVIA, since it is impossible to get road supplies through to the British troops cut off at Amabarawa, the R.A.F. have been making supply drops and carrying reinforcements : Here some of the stores are being loaded into a Dakota on the airfield at Batavia

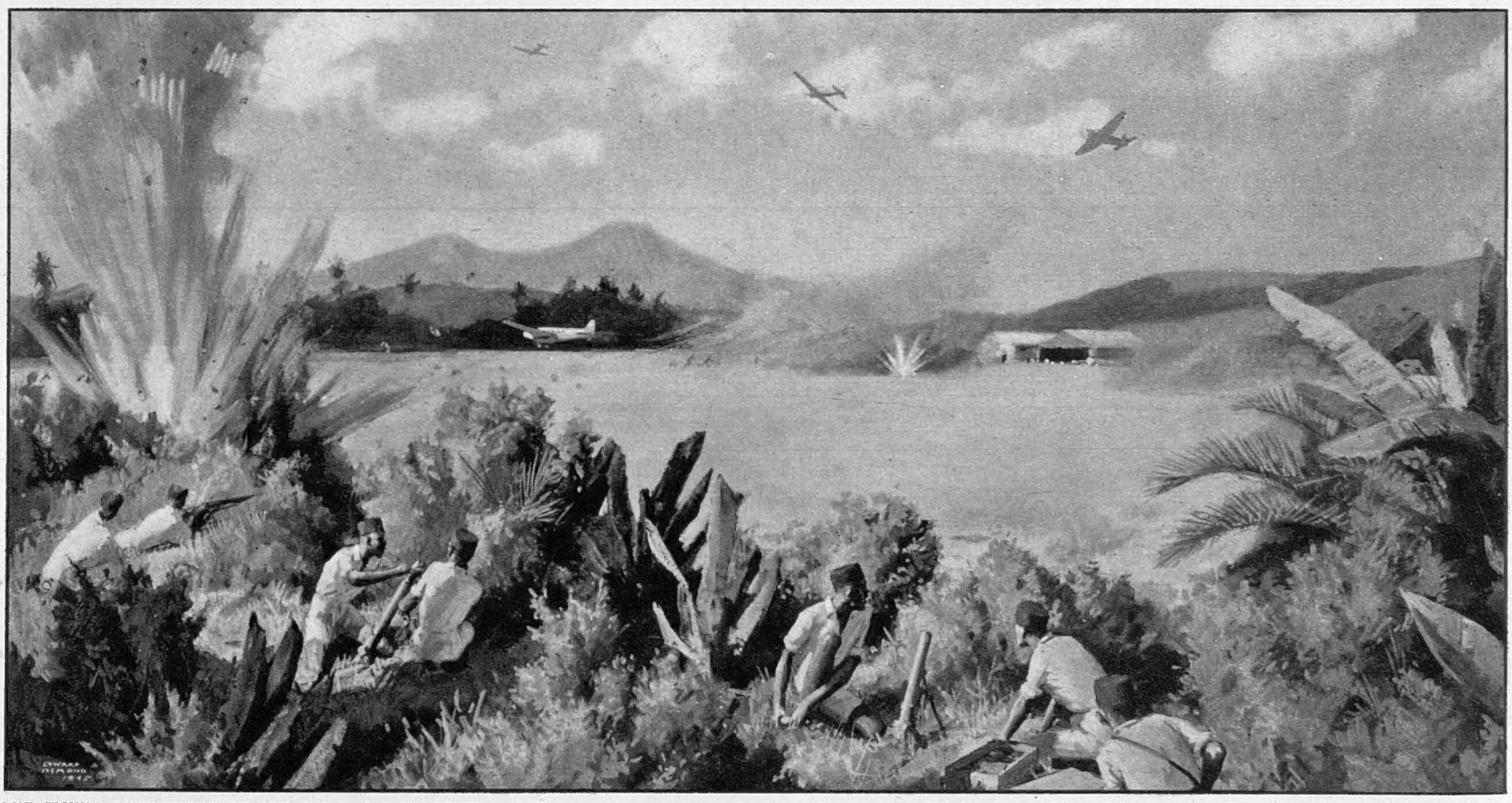


***On left*—THE ANTI-JAPANESE "MALAYAN PEOPLE'S ARMY" disbands at Kuala Lumpur :** Throughout Malaya on December 1, final tributes were paid at disbandment parades to the work of the Malay People's Anti-Japanese Army, which, during the occupation, was responsible for much underground activity against the enemy. In 1942, as the Jap forces were advancing down the Malayan Peninsula, Chinese members of the Malayan Communist Party offered their assistance to the British Command. Guerilla units came into being. After training, they would go behind the Jap lines with arms and explosives to carry out harassing action and sabotage. Others followed suit in the peninsula, and eventually the Malaya People's Army was formed. Thirty-five patrols of guerillas were organised to assist in the British invasion, but VJ Day intervened, thus robbing the guerillas of their crowning moment in the campaign. At Kuala Lumpur Lieut.-General Sir Frank Messervy, G.O.C.-in-C. Malaya Command, addressed men of the army, thanking them for their gallant resistance and for the part they played in liberating Malaya



HOW THE INDONESIANS HAVE BEEN FIGHTING THE BRITISH TROOPS IN THE HILL COUNTRY OF JAVA: The scene on a jungle-clad road in the Bandoeng district, where the steeply-pitched cliffs covered with tropical vegetation provide ideal cover for an ambush by the insurgents—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Java has its jungles and jungle-clad hills after the manner of tropical lands, but the jungle is not spread in such continuous masses as in Burma. One does not encounter league after league of dense forest as on the Assam border. The country is more broken—flat rice-bearing land will be succeeded by marsh, and then, suddenly, will be plunged into a steaming tropical forest belt as difficult as one could imagine. Waterfalls crash through tropical tree and fern growth from great heights. Where a highway runs into such a district, it may provide for a well-armed enemy the cover for an ambush. Recently, it will be remembered, a long column of relief vehicles got into serious trouble where high ground, jungle-clad to its summit, approached the roadway. Here is a reconstruction of the scenery. A traveller describing just such a district in Java tells how the roads descend from palm-shadowed upland plains by steep gradients to dense jungle and fever-laden swamps. Malarious mists steam from marsh and mere, pink and yellow lantana and pallid blossoms of strangling creepers emphasise the gloom of the matted foliage



THE FLYING OPERATIONS OF THE R.A.F. ARE HINDERED: Indonesian insurgents make the Samarang airfield untenable with mortar fire from concealed positions around the aerodrome. The R.A.F. have thus been forced to use improvised fields elsewhere—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

One of the conditions in Java which have come as a surprise to the British Command has been the skill shown by some of the Indonesian gunners in attacking the British planes which have been carrying supplies to various points, and which have under compulsion been employed against certain enemy villages and other strong points. Planes have been frequently hit and seriously damaged, and seven have been actually brought down by A.-A. fire, chiefly Bofors. It is possible that Japanese aid is forthcoming, but this is difficult to prove. Aerodromes used by the British planes have also been attacked by Indonesian bands. The airfield at Samarang was recently surrounded by insurgents so effectively armed with Japanese mortars that the field became unusable, or at least so dangerous that pilots were instructed to avoid it. Landings were subsequently made on a temporary field landing-ground

PICTURES FROM THE FAR EAST

JAPS FROM CHINA ARE REPATRIATED TO NIPPON : If you think the trains in England are crowded these days, take a look at the crowding in the small Japanese merchant ship *Meiyu Maru* as it sailed from Shanghai with the first batch of Japanese repatriates from Hongkew. Some 2,300 were put aboard the little vessel, none looking happy, although all were homeward bound to Nippon. In all, some 300,000 Japanese, including the military in greater Shanghai, will be shipped home. Almost all of the contingent on the *Meiyu Maru* consisted of war widows and orphans, or men critically needed in Japan to take care of their families there

AMERICAN MEN AND JAPANESE WOMEN—a picture from Kamakura : The Kaihin Hotel in Kamakura is now being operated by the U.S. Eighth Army's Special Services as a leave centre. These soldiers are dancing with Japanese girls specially invited to a party there

AT THE END OF THE DAY'S WORK IN TOKYO : The Japanese Finance Ministry in the capital has been taken over by the American Army of Occupation ; it now serves as a canteen for troops working in the city. So far, the Americans have found but little resentment at their presence in Tokyo, the Japanese population proving docile and orderly and respectful

TURNED OUT OF KOREA BY THE RUSSIANS AND CHINESE : These two small Japanese boys, one on crutches and the other carrying a big pack, are making their way to a ship moored to a dock in a Korean port to join thousands of other repatriates being returned to their homeland. Many of these expelled Japs have been in Korea for forty years. They are now no longer wanted by either the Russians or the Chinese

PICTURES FROM AUSTRIA AND GERMANY

THE HEAD OF THE CONTROL COMMISSION ATTENDS A CONFERENCE IN THE SCHONBRUNN PALACE IN VIENNA : The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Mr. Hynd, is also the Minister of State responsible for the Control Commissions for Austria and Germany. He recently attended a conference at the Schonbrunn Palace, Vienna, at which Lieut.-General McCreery, his staff, and high officials of the Allied Commission in Austria were also present. Mr. Hynd had arrived in Vienna on the previous day, and this was his first meeting. Here is a general view of the main table in the conference-room. From left to right are Sir Arthur Street, Mr. Hynd, Lieut.-General McCreery and Major-General C. D. Packard

THE FAMOUS VIENNA CHOIR REHEARSE FOR CHRISTMAS : The world-renowned Vienna Boys' Choir prepared for Christmas in the Chapel of the Hofburg—the palace of the Emperor of Austria, where the boys are living at the present time. The Choir consists of sixty boys, ranging from ten to fourteen years : they were scheduled to entertain Allied troops stationed in Vienna during Christmas

TO ACCOMMODATE THE HOMELESS OF BERLIN : One of the wooden houses now being erected amidst the ruins of the city. In order to accommodate the many homeless families in Berlin, the authorities have started to build small wooden shacks which will act as temporary homes for the Berliners. Although small, they are warm and afford a certain amount of comfort ; they are helping greatly to relieve the housing shortage in the former Reich capital. In the background of this view can be seen a gutted block of flats which the new houses are replacing

IN VIENNA, STAMPS NOW SERVE IN PLACE OF MONEY : A few months ago in Europe, cigarettes were the chief means of exchange. To-day, with the shortage of tobacco even more acute, the people of Vienna have hit upon a new means of exchange : they now barter with stamps. Every day in the centre of the bomb-scarred city, near the Post Office, the Viennese gather to barter stamps from their collections in exchange for food, articles of clothing and other luxuries

ONE OF THE ANSWERS TO TRAVEL DIFFICULTIES ON THE GERMAN RAILWAYS TO-DAY : German railway coaches and engines lie sprawled as far as the eye can see, toppled over the embankment of the Frankfurt Hoesch railroad, where they were blasted by the Royal Air Force during the closing stages of the war. They now form a melancholy sight for Germans passing by. From some of them wood has been stripped by civilians in search of precious fuel. The line above still remains blocked to traffic

SALVAGE AT THE HERMANN GOERING WORKS, where war material is being adapted for peacetime tasks : Scattered throughout Germany at the present time are various salvage units whose job it is to collect war potential from battlefields, factories and hidden dumps. The 34th Field Salvage Unit, which occupies a small section of the Hermann Goering Works near Brunswick, is one such. The material handled ranges from bullets to 20-ton tanks, and from old clothes to aeroplane engines. The main task of the Unit is to reduce the formidable guns and tanks into pieces of metal of suitable sizes for transportation to England. Thousands of tons of first-class steel are sent to Britain each week, while other metals, of which there is a surplus at home, are disposed of locally or to other European countries. Here Captain Fraser is holding one of his frequent conferences with his N.C.O.s and the civilian works manager, to devise methods of speeding up output

TROUBLE SPREADS FROM THE TABRIZ STORM CENTRE

The Present State of Affairs in Persia

PERSIAN AZERBAIJAN—THE REGION WHICH HAS SECEDED FROM THE TEHERAN GOVERNMENT AND WHICH IS NOW TO SEND ITS REPRESENTATIVES TO MOSCOW: Aided by the Russians in North Persia, the local Government have taken over complete control of the region depicted above; but now they are being threatened by a movement of the Chahsawan tribe, which are opposed to their usurpation of rule—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The condition of affairs in Persian Azerbaijan caused increasing anxiety to the Teheran Government as the year drew to a close. The new insurgent regime set up in Tabriz acted with increasing independence of the Persian Government. Various armed forces spread out to neighbouring towns and cities and either cowed or attacked local garrisons. Government officials have been boycotted or driven back to Teheran. The Tabriz "government" arranged to send its own representatives to a conference in Moscow without reference to Teheran, and in other ways presaged complete severance from Persia. In the drawing given here, the positions of some of the recent operations of the insurgents are indicated. Forces moved out to the east to Sarab and Ardebil; they proved to be well armed and were able to assume control of both places. Operations were also conducted to the north-west. A touch of the unexpected, however, came from the south-west, where the Chahsawan tribesmen, who number some hundred thousand, counter-attacked the new regime, with which they are not in sympathy

HOW THE PEOPLE OF PERSIA LIVE IN THEIR VILLAGES: LUNCHING IN THE OPEN AIR IN THE MARKET-PLACE. Seated on the ground, they dip their fingers into dishes of "pillo," or rice, which is still the staple diet of the country. Although modernisation has been rapid within recent years in Persia, in many remote districts life is still somewhat primitive

PERSIA IS THE HOME OF RUGS: This weaver is making a cartouche from which a large rug will be woven by hand. Some years ago he was taken from his country to Germany, to teach his art to German girls: The Orient has always held control of the manufacture of hand-woven rugs; American and European firms have been unable to compete owing to the high rate of wages in these countries, but also to the fact that it requires from two to six months (at least) to complete an ordinary room-size rug; moreover, few of the dye secrets or knowledge of the types of wools used are so far known to the West

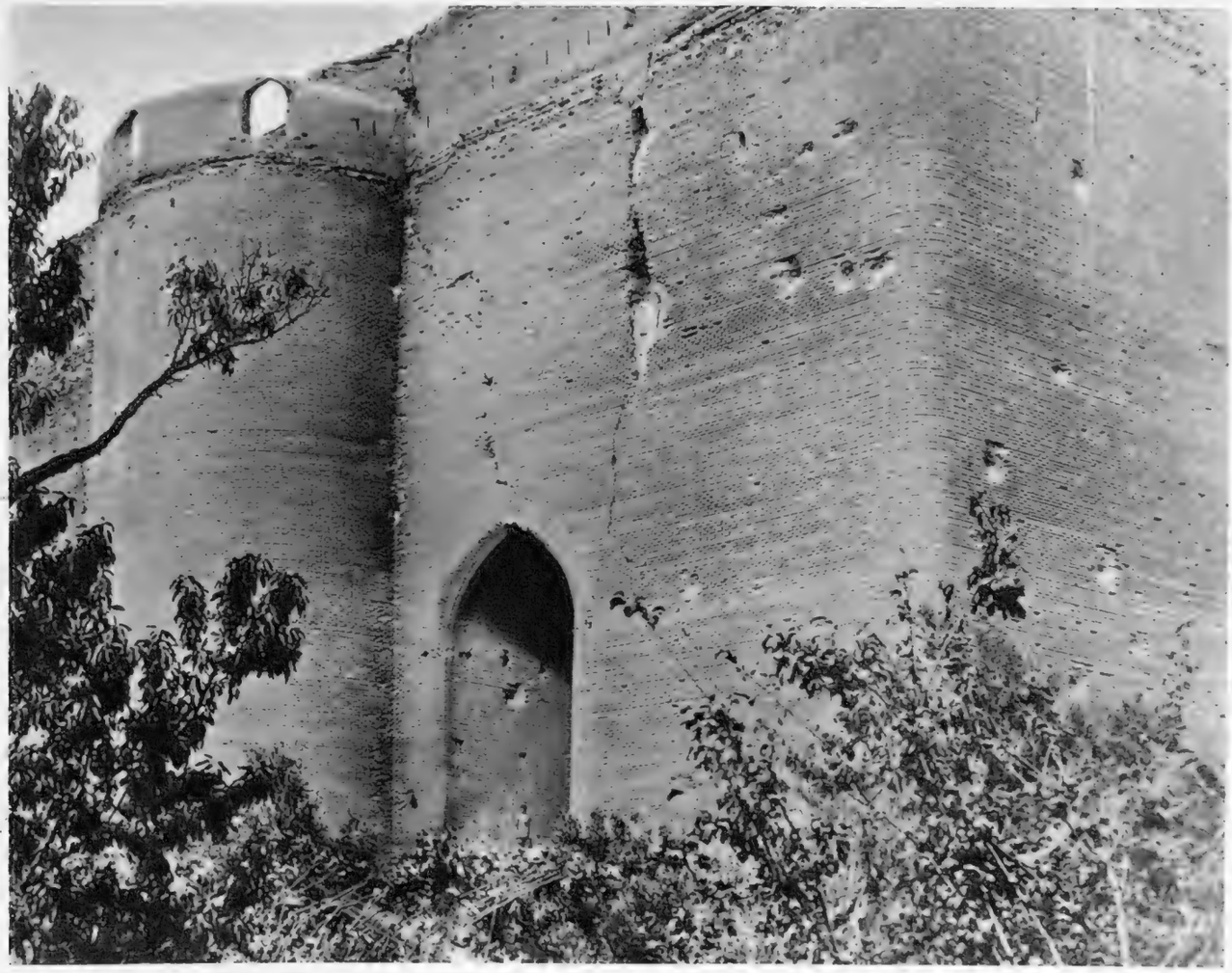
TABRIZ, THE NORTH PERSIAN CITY WHICH IS NOW THE SEAT OF A NEW GOVERNMENT SUPPORTED BY THE RUSSIANS: The city is dominated by the massive and castellated Erk, or Ark, which dates back to the twelfth to fourteenth century—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

A Section of PERSIA BREAKS AWAY

And Creates a New State of Azerbaijan

Movements towards complete separation developed in Azerbaijan, in spite of the original declaration that the province merely desired autonomy within the Persian Empire. Local risings against Persian authority spread to neighbouring cities and towns. Ardebil fell to insurgent forces. The position in relation to Tabriz is shown in the above drawing. In the foreground is seen the massive remains of the Erk, or Ark, the ancient citadel dating from the earlier days of Persia's greatness. It was once a huge structure of narrow, burnt brick; a massive gateway still survives. The local Persian Government within recent times decided to preserve this monument of old Tabriz, and as part of the scheme constructed a public garden around the citadel gateway. Some ten to fifteen years ago the ruins stood on the outskirts of the city; now modern extensions of Tabriz have lapped all round the Ark. Other improvements were undertaken from time to time; to-day Tabriz has the reputation of being one of the healthiest cities in Persia. The city has suffered severely from earthquakes

The "Ark" was built by Taj-ud-Din Ali Shah; it was originally both mosque and citadel, of which only the walled gateway shown on the right now remains. From the top of the citadel, 100 ft. high, Tabriz appears as a "humming honeycomb" of yellowish-grey roofs cut off from one another by high mud walls—a maze of narrow, crooked lanes. The older parts of the city include the remains of the once-renowned "blue mosque." Both this building and the Ark owe their condition in part to powerful earthquake shocks. In the year 1933, Dr. Upham Pope brought back from Persia some remarkable photographs of ancient mosques which had hitherto been inaccessible to Europeans. Although armed with a special permit obtained from the Shah of Persia, together with a guard to protect him, Dr. Pope encountered the utmost hostility when entering the sacred mosques. The mullahs frequently threatened to lynch him. It is forbidden, on pain of death, for unbelievers to enter mosques which are in active use, yet Dr. Pope took some marvellous photographs showing in detail the remarkable construction and beautiful decorations that had hitherto been concealed from European eyes



A PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN BY DR. UPHAM POPE, SHOWING THE MASSIVE CASTELLATED WALLS OF THE ARK, OR ERK, AT TABRIZ: It dates from the twelfth to fourteenth century. A comparison between the man in the doorway and its height conveys something of the gigantic proportions of this temple (See *note at left*)

NEWS-PICTURES FROM ABROAD

Showing Recent Events on the Continent and in the Middle East

THE LONGEST BRIDGE IN EUROPE IS OPENED AT NANTES: The bridge is tested with two locomotives weighing 250 tons. The Pont de la Vendée crosses the two arms of the River Loire on the route from Nantes to Bordeaux. It is the longest bridge in Europe, being 700 yards in length. It has now been rebuilt and is again open to traffic. The work was begun on April 15 last, just before the end of the war against the Germans: 1,600 tons of steel were used in its construction, for the foundations and deck. In the picture above, the ruins of the old structure may still be seen on the right. In France, nearly 3,000 bridges were destroyed during the war: this is the reason for the transport chaos throughout the country

THE FIRST GERMAN "PEOPLE'S CARS" ARE READY—after production work organised by the British: Here is a line of them just as they emerged from the factory at Bonneberg, near Herford

THIS IS THE FRONT OF THE CAR: A German driver lifts the bonnet to show the absence of motor. The engine is situated at the rear. In front are the spare wheel and the tool chest. Before the war thousands of Germans paid instalments for the "Volkswagen," the people's car, promised to them by Hitler but never delivered. Now at last the production has been organised in the British zone and the first cars are already out. The new "Volkswagen" is a neatly-turned-out four-seater, with two doors. The innovations include an interior warming system of exhaust gases passing through pipes from the engine (which is situated in the rear). The pipes end on both sides of the windscreen and so prevent the screen from icing up

"MUDLARKING" FOR COAL IN HOLLAND: Men and women digging in the mud on a Dutch canal for salvaged fuel. So hard-pressed are the Dutch people for coal that they will suffer any discomfort to acquire extra fuel to supplement their official allotment of 490 kilograms (about 1,000 lbs.) for the winter. One of the places they have discovered as a source of supply is a spot on the North Sea Ship Canal, leading from Amsterdam to the sea, where dredgers are clearing a new waterway. The Germans sank many ships here, including colliers, and now coal is being brought to the surface. The "mudlarks" sift through the silt and retrieve much valuable fuel

MORE DAMNING EVIDENCE AGAINST THE NAZIS AT THE NUREMBERG TRIAL: This picture is one of many which were introduced into the court at Nuremberg during evidence relating to the destruction of Warsaw by the Germans in 1943. The pictures form part of a report from General Stroop, the S.S. Commander, to his superiors. In this one, a number of Jews of all ages are being marched away under guard by German Storm Troopers. Their final fate can well be imagined. The whole city of Warsaw is covered in thick smoke after it had been fired by S.S. troops putting down the revolt of the citizens. The German caption to the picture reads: "Taken out of strongholds by force"

THE REPUBLICANS IN ITALY OPEN THEIR CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE MONARCHY : Italian Republicans have now begun in earnest a political campaign directed against the monarchy. They are making capital out of this photograph showing Prince Umberto, the present Regent, giving a Fascist salute during a wartime visit to the "covo" (the spot where Italian Fascism was "born"). This picture is being widely used as propaganda against the Royal Family, whom the Republicans accuse of Fascist sympathies

TWO QUEENS OF THE ORIENT : Queen Nazli of Egypt and her sister-in-law. The lady on the left is the wife of King Farouk of Egypt ; on the right is her sister-in-law, King Farouk's sister, Fawzia, who is also a Queen, being the Consort of the King, or Shah, Mohamed Reza Pahlevi of Persia. Queen Fawzia has been sojourning in Egypt for the past several months, and Middle East gossip-columnists hint at an estrangement between her and the Shah

THE "AQUITANIA" LEAVES AUSTRALIA FOR ENGLAND : The scene as the great liner left Woolloomooloo, Sydney. When the *Aquitania* sailed from Sydney, she had more than 4,700 passengers on board. In addition to 4,000 men of the Royal Navy being released under their age and service groups, there were also 100 civilian passengers, 90 British evacuee children being repatriated, 60 dependents of British Servicemen, and 500 internees being returned to their own countries. The public was admitted to the wharf at 7 a.m., after the troops had embarked, and a large crowd was present

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL GEORGE S. PATTON : The scene at the service in Christ Church, Heidelberg. The U.S. General was fatally injured in a motor crash at Mannheim, Germany. He was buried at Hamm, in Luxembourg, on December 24, after a service had been held in Christ Church, Heidelberg, on December 23. The final interment took place in the United States Military Cemetery at Hamm

A DRIVE BY SCOTLAND YARD MEN TO CLEAR UP BERLIN'S BLACK MARKET : Lieut. W. Jackson, special investigator (on right), with Sergeant Smith (a member of the Warwickshire County Police), checking over their enormous haul of marks taken from a Black Market ringleader. Special Investigation Department men detached from Scotland Yard have opened an all-out drive to clear up the Berlin Black Market. They smashed into an apartment house which was the hide-out of a German Black Market ringleader. They found him cowering in bed in a room stacked with Black Market goods, and trunks and suit-cases crammed with banknotes. One suit-case alone held well over 1,000,000 marks, which is almost £22,250 in English currency

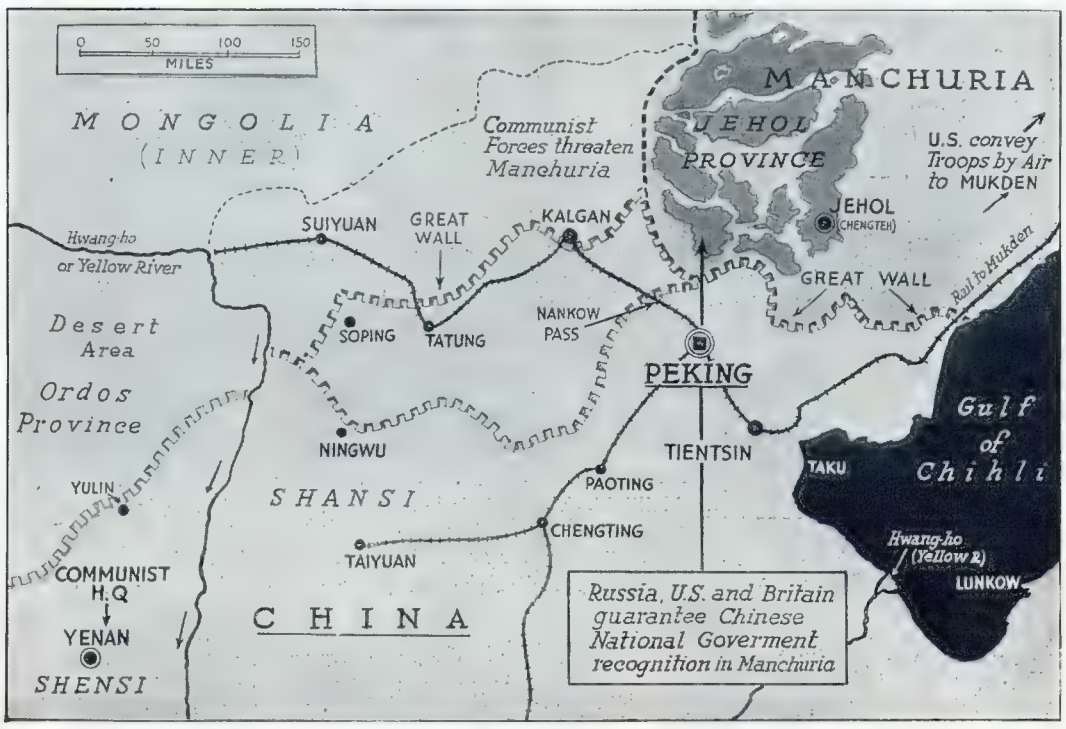
VIENNESE CHILDREN LEAVE FOR SWITZERLAND : Brigadier Verney with Colonel Longuet, French representative ; and Mr. Carey and the American representative, at the Franz Josef railway station. Under a scheme worked out by the Vienna Inter-Allied Commission and the International Red Cross, it is proposed to send 10,000 Viennese children to Switzerland for a three-months stay. The first train, carrying 408 children, left recently, and on the afternoon of December 5 a second train, carrying 452 children, left Franz Josef Station, Vienna, bound for Switzerland. Brigadier Verney was at the station to watch the excited children set out on this new adventure

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS ON A FORTIFIED HILL NEAR THE COMMUNIST CAPITAL OF YENAN, IN SHENSI PROVINCE: This is an area remote from large centres of industry: it has few roadways or other communications. Owing to the curious geological formations, this part of the country is capable of strong defence—*Drawing by Percy Home*

NATIONALISTS VERSUS COMMUNISTS IN CHINA

The Internecine Warfare which President Truman Says Must Stop

American opinion is very perturbed over the condition of affairs in China. The National (Chungking) Government has received a great amount of aid from America, in addition to the help given by Great Britain. The President is naturally desirous, as are the other Allies, to see China rapidly resume her orderly life and to take her place once more as the busy trading nation she once was. Unfortunately, the difficulties with the Communist forces of the north do not appear to be smoothing themselves out. The armies on both sides have been deploying for position, and clashes of serious character have continued to occur both to the north and south of the Great Wall. Operations still continue to be directed from the Communist headquarters in the Yenan area of the Western Province of Shensi. An impression is given here of the strongly-fortified mountain which forms this remarkable centre of activity. It is at once a military headquarters and a Communist training centre. The scene is dramatic, owing to the exceptional nature of the geology of the district. The strata lies horizontally in much of the district, giving a series of natural terraces. These have in course of time been cut through by the action of weather, producing towering rock-masses eminently suited for defence against an attacking enemy



On left—**WHERE THE COMMUNISTS HAVE THEIR HEADQUARTERS—AT YENAN, IN SHENSI PROVINCE:** This stronghold is set in the inner heart of the vast country, remote from railways or other means of easy communication. But the Communist influences—and armies—stretch out towards Peking in the north-east and on towards the Manchurian border

THE NATIONALIST COMMANDER IN MANCHURIA: He is Lieut.-General Tu Yu Ming (second from left), and he is "Supreme Commander of the North-East Command." He is here seen on arrival at Chinchow, in Manchuria, with the Chinese Nationalist forces, with which he advanced against the Chinese Communists

A COMMUNIST STRONGHOLD ON A HILL IN ANHWEI PROVINCE: Deep trenches and barricades surrounded this fortress and it took the Nationalists several days to effect its capture. Throughout the war with Japan, this internecine warfare between Chinese Communist and Nationalist was maintained

A COUNTRY MADE FOR GUERILLA WARFARE: Fighting against the Communists has been made very difficult for the Nationalists by the hilly and wooded nature of the country in various of the provinces. The men in the picture are Nationalist troops advancing through a steep valley towards the Communist front

THE RUINS OF A CHINESE VILLAGE IN THE ANHWEI PROVINCE after the Communists had retreated from it: Whole towns have been treated in this way during the present civil war in China

WRECKED BY COMMUNIST FORCES, this railway bridge over the Shao Ling River in Manchuria is being repaired by Chinese and Japanese workers: The railroad lines have been removed from the bridge. Two other bridges were also wrecked in this area, delaying the advance of the Chinese Nationalist Army for four days

SINCE THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS ARE NOT EQUIPPED WITH FIELD KITCHENS, they carry their own rations with them and have to cook them wherever and whenever they can. A Chinese soldier is here proudly displaying live chickens he is carrying, as Nationalist troops pause in Chinchow, Manchuria, during their recent advance against the Chinese Communists

FORTY YEARS AGO

The First "Dreadnought" was Laid Down—and a New Era in Naval Design Inaugurated

With Other Pictures of Maritime Interest

The first Dreadnought, "a new and exceptionally powerful type of battleship," was laid down in December 1905. It introduced an entirely new era into battleship design which was soon copied by all the navies of the world. Materials for her construction having been collected for months beforehand, the *Dreadnought* was completed in October 1906—a speed of building which was astounding.

The essential difference between the new type and all previous battleships lay in the employment of one type of gun for the principal armament. Naval constructors had long been thinking along this line; but it was Colonel Curriberti, Constructor to the Italian Navy, who first published the scheme of a ship carrying such powerful guns that she would be overwhelmingly stronger than any two or three vessels. As Italy was unable to undertake so expensive an idea, Colonel Curriberti was allowed to issue the main lines of his plan.

The greatest novelty of the *Dreadnought* was the adoption of turbine machinery and the consequent form of her hull, with a 30-ft. overhang at the stern, in order to allow space for the new means of propulsion. In order to withstand the shock of discharging her heavy 12-in. guns, the *Dreadnought* was built with heavy scantlings and generally given a very strong hull. The armouring followed orthodox lines, except that a certain amount was applied internally, below the water-line, as a protection against torpedoes.

From the experience gained from the earlier Dreadnoughts, all the Super-Dreadnoughts which followed adopted the American system of stern line, which was less overhung than the original British vessel. The navies of the world had hitherto clung to the idea of end-on fire, but this was given up for the greater advantage of the broadside.

The speed of the *Dreadnought* was 21 knots, and she was easily able to maintain this. In all respects, the ship was pronounced a success, the gun platform proving very steady. Her total cost was just under £1,800,000. A conspicuous feature of her silhouette was the tallness of her masts.

Another obvious difference observable in the drawing is the absence of the huge armoured "citadel," which is such a striking feature of the present King George V class. In the *Dreadnought*, her upper bridge was a light, airy structure which might almost be found on a peace-time merchantman. The ten 12-in. guns were arranged in five turrets in various positions and at different levels. Her two tripod masts look very vulnerable; and the general outline of the hull resembled that of a cruiser or destroyer-leader of to-day. Supports for the anti-torpedo netting were ranged along the hull.

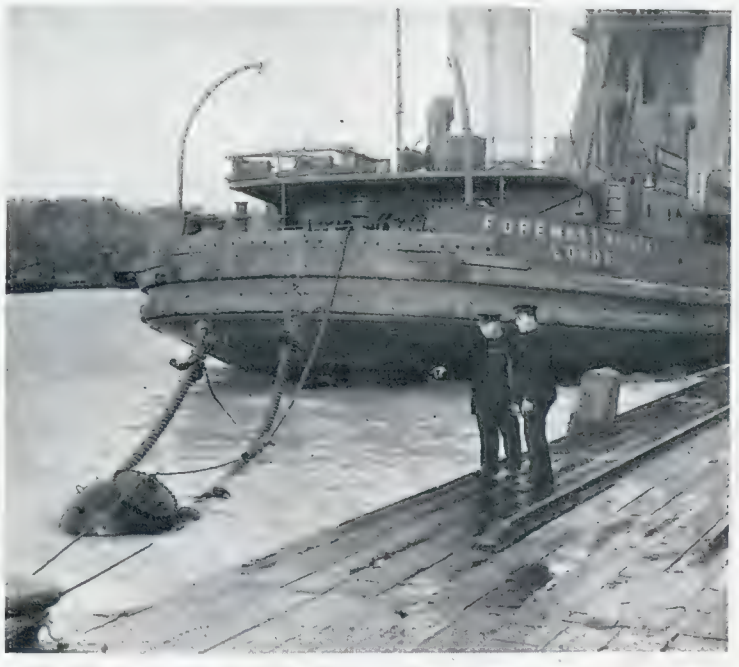
THE ERA OF THE BIG-GUN BATTLESHIP WAS INAUGURATED BY THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE COMPLETED IN OCTOBER 1906. She was a tall-masted vessel, with a bridge structure of the fl the "Dreadnought" is contrasted, is the m

REVIVING THE CORNISH PILCHARD INDUSTRY TO FEED STARVING EUROPE: Boats arriving at Looe, the newly-revived centre of the fishery. Thanks to the initiative of an ex-Serviceman, Mr. L. E. Middleton, of East Looe, Cornwall, the local pilchard industry, closed during the war, has just been revived. Thousands of hitherto unwanted pilchards will now be salted and packed for the Ministry of Food, for use by U.N.R.R.A. Thus, instead of being wasted, Cornish pilchards will help to feed starving Europe. At Looe, tankage for at least 300 lasts (a last is 10,000 pilchards) has been arranged

BASKETS OF PILCHARDS BEING UNLOADED AND TAKEN AWAY FOR SALTING ON THE QUAYSIDE AT LOOE: They will later be sent to Europe to help the U.N.R.R.A. officials to feed the starving people in Germany and on the Continent

FIRST BRITISH "DREADNOUGHT," WHICH WAS LAID DOWN IN DECEMBER 1905; LAUNCHED BY KING EDWARD VII AT PORTSMOUTH IN FEBRUARY 1906; AND msiest appearance according to modern ideas. In the picture above, characteristic details of her construction are emphasised: the vessel on the right, with which odern "King George V," 35,000-ton battleship completed in the year 1940 (see *notes at left*)—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

THE LARGEST SHIP EVER TO GO ASHORE AT SOUTHEND: The "Wallbrook" high and dry in the thick mud after a 70-miles an hour gale. A huge gale reaching the speed of 70 miles an hour, which recently lashed the Channel and the South Coast, forced many vessels to seek shelter inshore. At Southend the *Wallbrook*, one of the largest ships ever to be driven ashore in the Estuary, was smashed on to the beach, where it was left high and dry in the mud. The crew of the *Wallbrook* seized an opportunity at low tide to tow a huge anchor out on wheels, embedding it deep in the mud, thus establishing the vessel so that she could be hauled off the beach at the next tide



AFTER THE GALE HAD BLOWN ITSELF OUT: During the mountainous seas along the South Coast of Britain, a mine was washed into Newhaven Harbour and wedged between a dredger and the quay. A mine-disposal squad was called in to immobilise it. It was only one of a great number washed ashore by the heavy gale

JAPAN IS TO RENOUNCE ALL GOVERNMENT-INSPIRED SHINTOISM—AND EMPEROR-WORSHIP IS TO CEASE

This is the Effect of a Recent Decree by the Americans in Occupation of Japan

THE announcement has just been made by the U.S. authorities in occupation of Japan that all Government-inspired efforts to spread a belief in the Emperor's divinity are to cease in Japan.

The islands forming the Japanese homeland are covered with Shinto shrines of varying types. A great number of them are formed as archways, across which is suspended a sacred rope. Some of these stand in couples, picturesquely placed by the shallow waters of bays. Some newly-constructed shrines are made of a special wood felled in the Mikado's private forests with elaborate ceremonial. The logs are wrapped in reed mats so that they may escape any injury on the road.

The archways form part of a shrine dedicated to the "divine" ancestors of the Mikado. The more elaborate shrines are built in parklands, but the simpler types are arranged within enclosures shut off from the general public. Pilgrims come in large numbers to these sanctuaries, having washed their feet in neighbouring streams before entering. Sometimes the shrines take the form of small roadside enclosures, a large standing stone being erected in the centre of simple fencing.

THE MOTHER OF HIROHITO: The Dowager-Empress Sadako of Japan arrived at the Palace in Tokyo in December last to visit her son. She had been staying at Karuizawa since the time of Japan's surrender

It is perhaps in an island colony like Formosa that one sees the Government-inspired Shintoism most distinctly at work. The native islanders and the Chinese, who form the vast bulk of the population, are encouraged, by every means, to adopt the official attitude towards the "Divine Emperor."

A European missionary has stated the situation thus: "The Japanese constitution guarantees to all citizens religious liberty. How, then, can the Government require its officials, and every child in its Government schools, be they Formosan or Koreans, to bow down before the picture of the Emperor and to worship him in Shinto shrines? For certainly this is nothing more or less than worship, so far as the word has any meaning in English, or to the Western mentality. In spite of the clever but ineffectual explanation that the Government declares that all ceremonial observances, which are officially obligatory, should not be regarded as religious but as patriotic!"

The writer of the above commented that the Japanese were not having an easy task in this matter, for he had not seen any visible response in the shape of voluntary worshippers entering the newly-constructed shrines.

THE EMPEROR IS ALSO THE CHIEF PRIEST OF SHINTOISM: He has been invested with divine qualities by his Ministers, and Emperor-worship has been a marked feature of Japanese life. In his capacity as Chief Priest, Hirohito recently went to the Yasukuni Shrine (as shown in the picture on the left). This Emperor-worship is no longer to be permitted, according to American decree. The above picture was taken when Hirohito formally opened the Japanese Diet in Tokyo recently, with a brief message: it was the first time that photographers were allowed within the Diet building. The Emperor's new uniform, it will be noted, bears no military insignia

HIROHITO TELLS HIS GODS THAT THE WAR IS OVER—AND THAT JAPAN HAS LOST IT: The Emperor is the figure on the dais to the right. The scene was the Yasukuni Shrine, where his ancestors are buried

TYPICAL JAPANESE OFFICERS: The type of men who have had the Emperor in their grip—but who are now no longer to be permitted to rule the country from the background, through their secret societies and Black Dragon Societies

SHINTO PRIESTS CONDUCTING THEIR SACRED RITUAL AT A JAPANESE SHRINE: These men are among the most conservative in Japan: before the war they were the severest critics of the Europeanisation of the island empire. Now their power, in political matters, will be severely curtailed

AT MOST OF THE SHINTO SHRINES THROUGHOUT JAPAN THERE ARE "MIKOSHI," OR PORTABLE SHRINES, SUCH AS THE ONE SEEN ABOVE: On occasions these are borne through the streets, the presence of the gods then bringing blessings to the people and their dwellings. Great excitement is witnessed during these processions as the shrine is borne aloft by men in ceremonial costume: frequently the boys—dressed in similar costumes—carry their own smaller shrines

THE EXAGGERATED WORSHIP OF THE EMPEROR AS A GOD IN JAPAN: This is a typical demonstration as organised in the Japanese capital for a big occasion. Several thousand representatives are bowing in front of the Imperial Palace prior to starting on a tour of Tokyo at the opening of the China "incident." They later "proceeded to the Meiji Shrine and prayed before the spirit of the late Emperor Meiji the Great for the successful campaign of the Japanese forces abroad." Their prayers were not answered—as it eventually turned out

THE CARDINAL-ELECT CELEBRATES CHRISTMAS VESPERS IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL : Dr. Bernard Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, has been created a Cardinal, at the age of forty-six. Son of a Birmingham carpenter, he has the reputation of having one of the keenest brains in the British hierarchy. He will go to Rome to receive the Red Hat from the Pope on February 18. This picture of him was taken on Christmas Eve as the Archbishop (seated on throne) was celebrating Pontifical Vespers

WHAT'S GOING on in ENGLAND

Recent Activities in London and the Provinces

LONDON'S FIRST PREFABRICATED CHURCH—the Roman Catholic Church of Holy Apostles, built on the bombed site of its predecessor in Claverton Street, Victoria : The first prefabricated Roman Catholic Church in London has been opened on a site in Claverton Street, Victoria. Parishioners helped with the carpentry and decorations. The building is 60 ft. long by 24 ft. wide, and holds a congregation of 200

THE DUTCH PRIME MINISTER COMES TO LONDON, accompanied by the Lieut.-Governor of the Dutch East Indies : Professor Willem Schermerhorn, Prime Minister, Dr. H. J. van Mook, Lieut.-Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies, and other members of the Dutch Cabinet arrived in London just after Christmas. After landing at Croydon Airport, they conferred with members of the British Government on the situation in Indonesia. In this picture are seen the following : From left to right—Sir Neville Bland, British Ambassador to The Hague ; Dr. H. J. van Royen, Acting Minister for Foreign Affairs (deputising during the illness of the Minister, Dr. E. N. van Kleffens) ; Mr. G. H. A. Logeman, Dutch Minister for Colonies ; Professor Willem Schermerhorn ; and Dr. H. J. van Mook

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL IS ENTERTAINED AT THE CUBAN LEGATION, and meets prominent members of the Cuban Cigar Industry : The luncheon, which was quite an informal affair, was given in honour of the wartime Prime Minister, who was presented with some fine Cuban cigars. From left to right, standing, can be seen Señor Guy Cisneros ; Señor Arellano, cigar manufacturer ; Señor Marino Pirez ; Señor Porta, tobacco grower ; Señor F. Pazos ; Señor Collado, cigar-maker ; Señor Ide Agramonte (Vice-Consul in London), and Señor I. Brodeman. Seated with Mr. Winston Churchill are (left) Señor Willy de Blanck, Cuban Minister in London ; and (right) Señor Belt, Cuban Ambassador in Washington

THIS IS "TONSIL"—IN REPOSE : It was built by the Navy for experimental work against the German flying bombs. Once more comes another "now it can be told" story. This is "Tonsil," the Navy's experimental anti-flying-bomb rocket battery. "Tonsil" was a rush job. The projectors were mounted on lorries in two days and the complete battery of ten projectors was ready for action in a position between Hythe and Dymchurch within four days of the order being given, on July 15, 1944. On July 20 it scored its first "kill." By the end of the month it had shot down eight flying bombs and was also granted a share in a ninth. In August the battery was enlarged to twenty projectors—capable of firing 400 rockets at once—and was particularly valuable during conditions of bad visibility

HOW THE ROCKET BATTERY OPERATED : All the projectors were discharged simultaneously and the air became filled with scores of flying missiles

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THE EAST SIDE OF THE HISTORIC WAKEFIELD TOWER : This thirteenth-century building was severely damaged by blast from a flying bomb in June 1944. In this tower Henry VI was reputed to have been murdered in the year 1478. The Crown Jewels were exhibited here from 1856 up to 1939. The Tower dates from the reign of William Rufus

MAKING REPAIRS TO THE ANCIENT STONEWORK OF THE WAKEFIELD TOWER, which derives its name from the fact that prisoners were confined here after the Battle of Wakefield in 1460

A VIEW FROM THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER, showing Elizabeth's Walk, where the Princess was allowed to exercise during her imprisonment in the Bell Tower. The Casemates are seen in the centre, and part of the Byward Tower on the right. The buildings on the left form part of the Tower's inner fortifications

THE KING'S HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR AND MAJOR OF THE TOWER : It was in the council chamber of this house that Guy Fawkes and his accomplices were examined under torture in 1605. Through the front door—in 1716—Lord Nithsdale escaped from imprisonment disguised as a woman

THE ROYAL CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, WITHIN THE WHITE TOWER : This is the oldest church in London and a splendid example of pure Norman architecture. It is the largest and most perfect chapel in any existing Norman keep. A fine description of this edifice is given in W. Harrison Ainsworth's well-known "Tower of London"

TWENTY YEARS OF SPORT AT WEMBLEY STADIUM

Some of the Highlights in the History of Britain's Great Sports Arena

By CHARLES GRAVES

WITH the prospect of the world's biggest boom in sport ahead of us, Wembley Stadium has marked the occasion by drawing public attention to its twenty years as a sports arena.*

This is particularly interesting to me as, in my capacity as cub reporter on the *Daily Express*, I was one of the fifty or sixty people who were present when the Duke of York cut the first sod marking the entrance of the proposed national sports ground at the inaugural ceremony of the British Empire Exhibition. That was a quarter of a century ago, and I still recall vividly the powerful left-handed punch with which the present King dug at the turf with his spade, in spite of the fact that he was wearing a silk hat.

But it was a desolate scene. In those days Wembley was a remote suburb, known chiefly to hikers. More than 250,000 tons of earth, mostly clay, had to be removed before the stadium could be built. It was ultimately finished in 300 working days, in time for the Cup Final in 1923, when, for the first and only time, the management allowed the public to buy seats at the entrance. The result was a shambles. More than 25,000 people broke in, together with 126,000 who had paid their admission. Bolton Wanderers ultimately defeated West Ham 2—0, the second goal being scored while the captain of the West Ham team was lost in the crowd of spectators standing on the touch-line. My own personal memory of the match was that the *Evening News* had sent a high-powered feature writer to describe the match and that he returned without a story because he said that he was unable to see the game. It had not occurred to him that the real story was not the football, but the fantastic scenes on the ground.

From then onwards Wembley proceeded to make history. The State opening ceremony by King George V of the British Empire Exhibition marked the first occasion when a king had spoken to his subjects by radio. Many old stagers will remember the international rodeo sponsored by C. B. Cochran which caused such excitement with the various animal societies. There was, too, the famous flop of the heavyweight fight between Tom Gibbons and Jack Bloomfield, when the attendance was so poor that the American refused to go into the ring until he had seen the colour of his money.

That was in 1924. The Exhibition was reopened the following year. Among the displays was the spectacle "London Defended," in which aircraft made a dummy attack, dropping dummy incendiary bombs which the firemen duly put out, while the attacking planes were fought off by anti-aircraft fire. Cup Finals were the chief attraction at Wembley until 1927, when General Critchley's innovation of racing greyhounds was copied. Greyhound racing has travelled a long way since then.

In the meantime, a band of Australians came to England with a new sport called dirt-track racing. Motor-cycle football was another innovation, when England met Germany. More remarkable was the spectacle of the "Graf Zeppelin" sailing low over the Stadium during the 1930 Cup Final. Dirt-track racing soon changed its name to "speedway."

Those were the days of Vic Huxley and Mick the Miller, the dog who "made" greyhound racing and who won the greyhound St. Leger at the fantastic age of seven. It was his last race.

By now the Wembley Stadium had become recognised as the leading place in the South of England for outdoor sport. It was decided to make it the Mecca for indoor sport as well. The Empire Pool and Sports Arena was built in nine months, entirely of ferro-concrete and glass, and with the biggest single-span proscenium arch in the world. Unfortunately, Sir Owen Williams, the architect, failed to utilise the space at either end for seats; there were two blank walls which, as the late Jeff Dickson pointed out to me, would have been worth their weight in gold. This building was opened by the Duke of Gloucester in 1934 and used almost immediately for the British Empire Games—swimming, boxing and wrestling being staged on consecutive days. Now came ice hockey, introduced to the public by the Wembley Lions and Wembley Monarchs. Other memories of that year (1934) include the fight between Len Harvey and Walter Neusel, the £1,000 heavyweight novices' competition which only produced Alf Robinson, and the world professional lawn-tennis championships, in which Vines, Tilden, Nusslein and Maskell competed. Vines won.

Another memory is of the meeting between the Hungarian water-polo team, unbeaten world champions for the previous six years, and the Empire swimming club. The British team, which included Temme, the Channel swimmer, were leading and seemed certain to win. So the Hungarians left the water and refused to continue the match.

Walter Neusel reappeared early in 1935 and beat Jack Petersen. The Empire Pool thereafter became more adaptable every day. Anything from the National Dog Show to Varsity swimming matches followed in swift succession. Finally, Victor Barna showed the public that ping-pong really deserved the name of "table-tennis."

The Japanese Olympic swimming team provided an interlude before the introduction of the six-day bicycle race. Six-day cycling had been in vogue on the Continent for a number of years. It involved the construction of an oval-shaped, steeply-banked wooden track and thirty riders, who knew that one of each pair must always be on the track throughout the 144 hours. It was finally won by the German team, who covered almost 2,000 miles to win by a lap from the Belgians.

As for boxing, Len Harvey lost to Petersen. This was followed by the Golden Gloves tournament between America and Great Britain. England won.

In the meantime, Lionel van Praag and "Bluey" Wilkinson hit the headlines on the speedway track.

In the one year of 1935 the Stadium and Pool attracted over 2,000,000 spectators. Wembley's peak year was 1937, when fifty major events were staged and 2,500,000 people made their way through the turnstiles. Jack Doyle remained in the ring for twelve rounds against King Levinski. Jack MacAvoy knocked out Eddie Phillips in the fourteenth round to add the cruiser-weight title to his middle-weight crown. Then Benny Lynch beat Small Montana for the world's fly-weight championship in the best fight that I ever hope to see. After each round, incidentally, both boxers patted the other on the shoulder in silent appreciation of the superb show the other was putting up. Neither gave a damn, I believe, about the vast public. They were interested purely in the academics of the fight.

Came the war, and the lights of Wembley went out. Many of the competitors who had been cheered to the echo were now the King's enemies. Charity shows became the order of the day. Italy entered the war, and hundreds of evacuees from Gibraltar were given permanent billets in the Empire Pool. But although both countries had been overrun by Germany, representative teams of Belgium and Holland played their annual football match at the Stadium, and greyhound racing continued once a week.

Everyone was now waiting for D-Day. On February 19, 1944, the King and Queen, accompanied for the first time by Princess Elizabeth, saw England beat Scotland. One of the spectators was Field-Marshal Montgomery. Many thousands of spectators presumed that the Allies would be returning to the Continent within a fortnight and that his presence was a bluff.

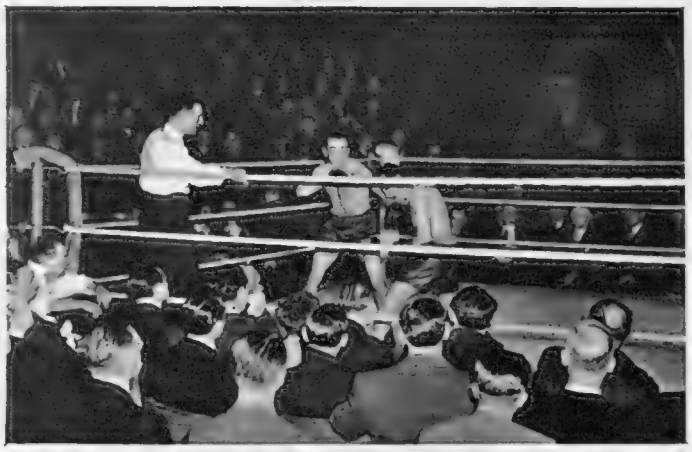
Actually, it was only a few days before D-Day that Wembley came of age. A few weeks later a flying bomb crashed 50 yards from a range of kennels. But of the 150 dogs, only two or three were slightly hurt. Between fifty and sixty of them took advantage of their unexpected liberty and went roaming. It was a week before the last one could be checked in.

Then came the Rheims surrender and, within three weeks, the visit of a French football team, the first foreign footballers to visit this country since 1939. Part of the Wembley buildings now became one of the leading dispersal centres for the demobilisation of the R.A.F.

To conclude: of all the wartime events at Wembley, apart from greyhound racing, the Cup Final was the only one of which the whole or major part of the proceeds were not devoted to war charities, the Stadium's contribution to the Red Cross and various war charities reaching the £140,000 mark. In addition to various sports already mentioned, Wembley has been the scene of stoolball, baseball, rounders, shinty and folk-dancing. Needless to say, all Wembley's sporting equipment was long ago passed to the Services.

* *Wembley Presents* (2s. 6d.), by Tom Morgan, printed by McCorquodale and Co. Ltd., London.

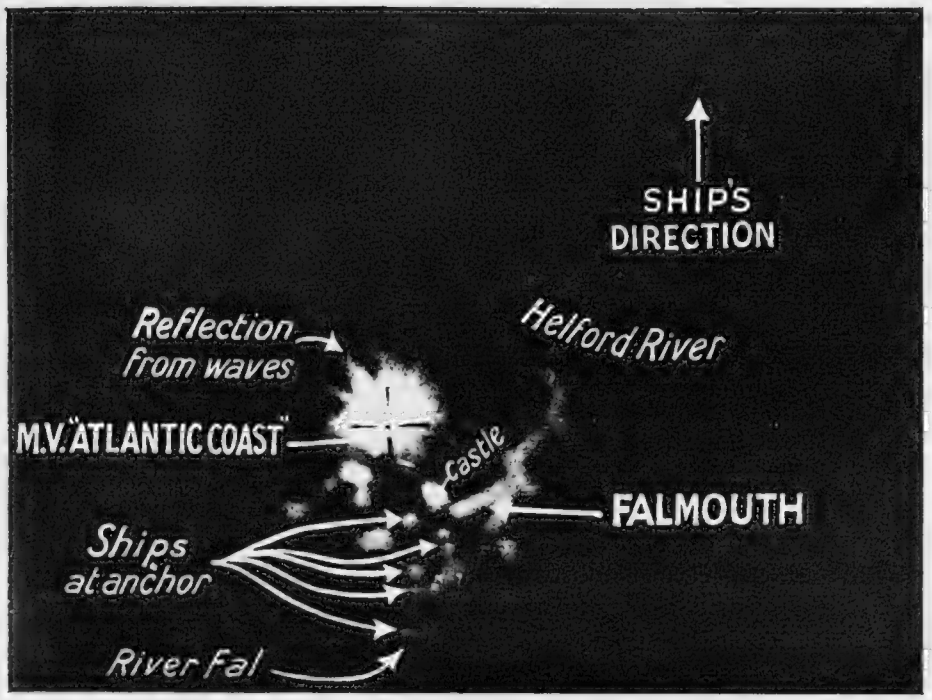
THREE RECENT SPORTING PICTURES



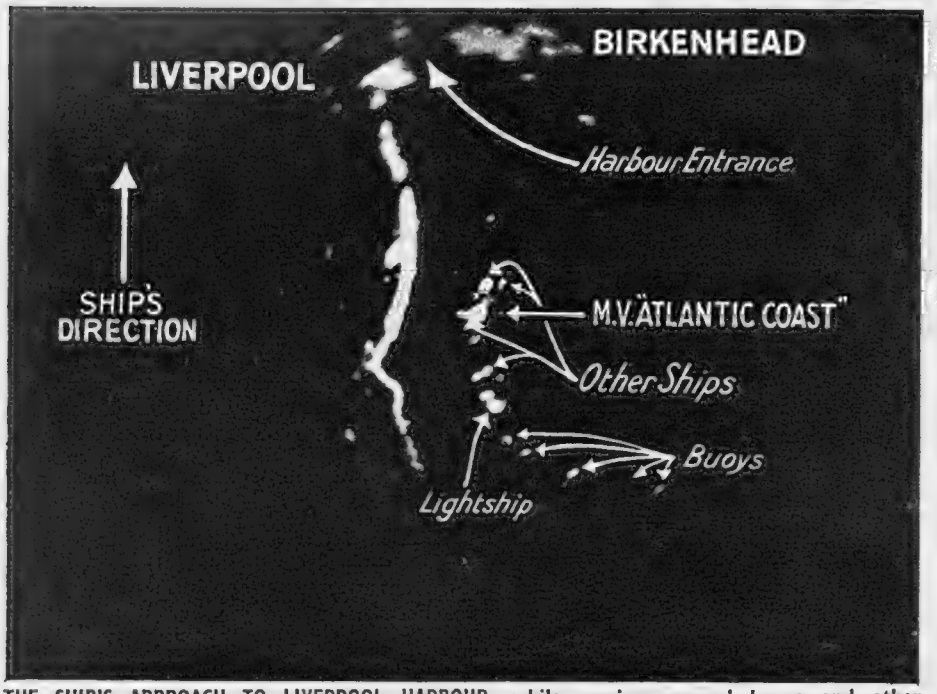
BOXING AT THE QUEENSBERRY CLUB: Dave Crowley (left) and Jackie Rankin during their recent fight in the All-Star Boxing Tournament at the Queensberry All-Services Club. Crowley won the match on points. This is the men's third encounter

DOMINION RUGBY: Play during the match between the New Zealand Services XV and the South African Touring XV, recruited from members of the 6th Armoured Division, at Richmond. The New Zealanders won by 9 points to 6

A FINE YOUNG GIRL RIDER IN THE U.S.: Twelve-year-old Fay Caddell, of Southern Pines, North Carolina, taking a jump in championship style. She was one of the many youngsters taking part in the Pinehurst Gymkhana at Pinehurst, N.C. According to the instructors there, the girls outnumber the boys in taking honours in horsemanship



HERE IS A RECORDING ON THE RADAR SCREEN WHILE THE "ATLANTIC COAST" WAS ENCOUNTERING ROUGH WEATHER AT FALMOUTH: The rough weather is indicated by the big glare, which is recorded as reflections from the waves; the smaller spots indicate ships at anchor; the gap half-way up on the right indicates the River Helford; at the end of the long white stretch is the recording of Falmouth Castle

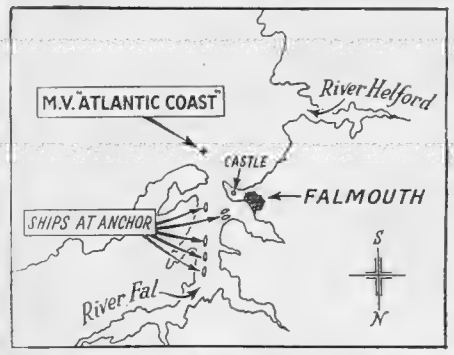


THE SHIP'S APPROACH TO LIVERPOOL HARBOUR, while passing moored buoys and other vessels: The "Atlantic Coast" is indicated by a small circle in the centre; the long stretch on the left is the land

BANISHING THE FOG PERIL AT SEA

Radar for the Use of the Merchant Navy

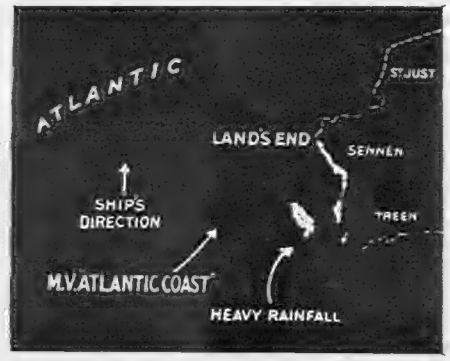
Fog peril at sea has at last been overcome. Just before Christmas, the *Atlantic Coast*, a small merchantman, docked at Liverpool after a trip from the Thames which demonstrated how effectively wartime devices can be applied to the needs of peacetime. Mr. Lewis Hawes, a representative of the *Daily Dispatch*, wrote a graphic account of the new scientific miracle. "In a box no bigger than an office filing cabinet," he said, "was a gadget with an 'eye' that can pierce fog, mist, haze, black-out, heavy rain, snow, sleet—in fact, every form of navigating handicap that comes under the heading of 'bad visibility.'"



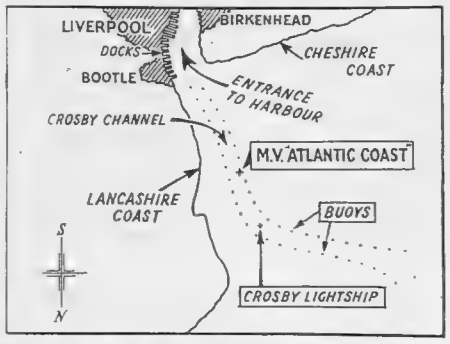
Landmarks, shipping positions, and shipping approach at Falmouth: This chart is the guide to the radar picture on the left

When the navigator looks into the "eye"—which is actually a cathode-ray tube as used in television—he can see every object, large or small, around him within a radius of ten miles. The "eye" can penetrate the densest fog and pick out an object as small as a buoy. It can detect submerged rocks or icebergs, and even a wrecked airman floating in his rubber dinghy.

Fixed to the corner of the bridge deck is the "scanner," a circular revolving reflector looking like the top half of a dustbin stuck on a pole. This is connected with the television set installed on the deck below in a cabin converted into a laboratory. There Mr. Fleming-Williams and an assistant watched the changing scene as the ship proceeded on her course. The *Atlantic Coast* herself was a tiny spot of light in the centre of the screen, or P P I. On the deck above, the "scanner" sent out a continuous beam as it scanned the entire radius of the 10-mile area. When the beam struck an object, it set up an impulse which was recorded on the P P I by a spot of light showing the exact position of the object. As the various spots of light appeared, their positions were telephoned by the captain in his charthouse on the bridge.

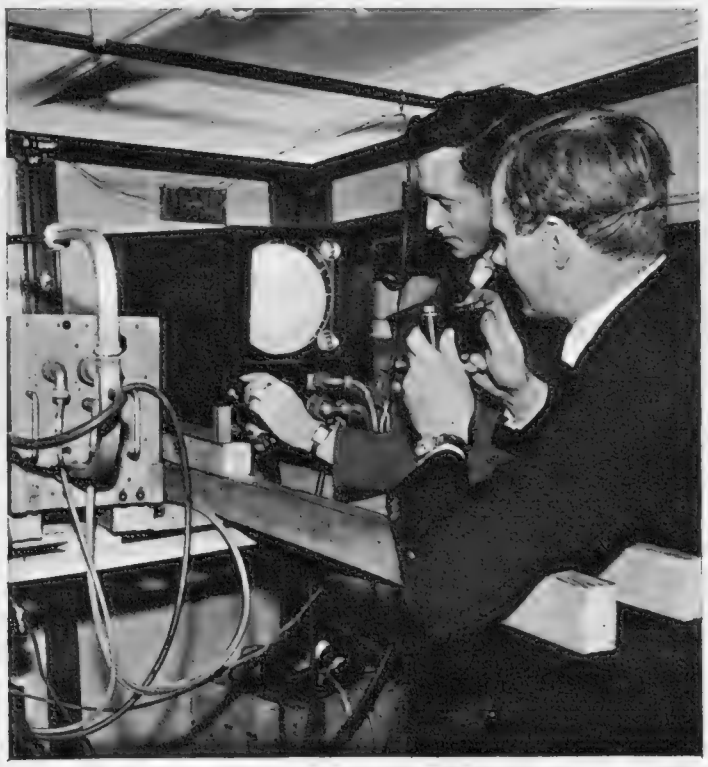


How rough weather can be recorded: The long stretch at the right is land; the thicker marking is a heavy rainstorm

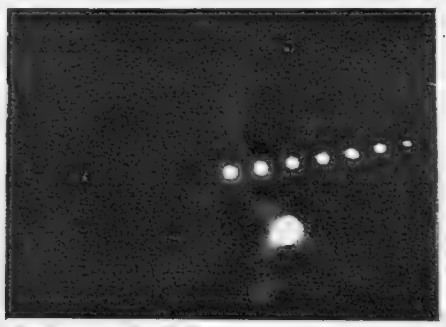


The chart of the entrance to Liverpool Harbour, for comparison with the radar picture on the left

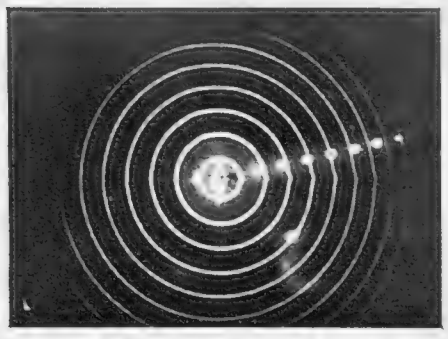
THE "SCANNER" ON THE BRIDGE OF THE MERCHANTMAN: This is the "eye" through which the radio beam is sent out



MR. FLEMING-WILLIAMS, THE RADAR TECHNICAL EXPERT (ON RIGHT), with his assistant, Mr. A. Allen, and the equipment used during the voyage of the "Atlantic Coast" from the Thames to Liverpool



A view of the radar screen when first the instrument is switched on: These spots are mile marks which give the scale of the electronic chart



When the indicator spots are set in clockwise motion, they form circles on the face of the radar screen

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THE MAKING OF A CLASSIC.—A recent article which I wrote for this page on the subject of literary parallels, with special reference to Shorthouse's famous philosophical-religious romance, *John Inglesant*, brought me, as I hoped it might, a great deal of information concerning the methods employed by the author.

Most of this was contained in a clipping from the *Spectator* of September 1934, being an article very clear, well reasoned and well supported by evidence, under the signature of S. K. Ratcliffe. I remembered that I had read this article at the time of publication and had clean forgotten it. I was very busy, I remember, in 1934, and no doubt that accounts for my having forgotten its details and merely remembered its importance. In my own article the other week, I had put forward a sudden "discovery" of the curious parallel between the first parts of *Esmond* and *Inglesant*, those parts which relate to the upbringing of the young heroes in lonely country houses under the influence of Jesuit priests.

FUN FAIR IN AN EGYPTIAN VILLAGE: Visitors to the annual Moulid inspect the peep-show. Every year huge crowds arrive at the Egyptian Delta town of Tanta for the annual Moulid, a festival in honour of the Egyptian saint, Sayed Ahmed el Bedawi. Included in the festivities is a fun fair, where circus turns, side-shows, swings and roundabouts attract the Egyptian equivalent of a Hampstead Heath crowd. Hundreds of gaily-decorated tents advertise the attractions of the theatres, alluring dancing girls, freak shows, strong men and all the fun of the fair. The central figure in the celebrations is Khalita, the present descendant of Sayed el Bedawi

This old *Spectator* article went much farther. It showed, with convincing proofs, that the Quaker manufacturer of Birmingham, during the twenty years which he devoted to writing this book, not only read a vast range of literature bearing on every aspect of his subject, but "absorbed" it in a very remarkable and practical way. The discovery of what at first sight might be called this "bare-face fraud" of Shorthouse had been made as long ago as 1925 by the Rev. W. K. Fleming, who, led on by the "familiar sound" of certain passages in *Inglesant*, got down to the work of detection and soon enough produced such a bibliography of originals from which Shorthouse had quoted verbatim, without the slightest effort at acknowledgment, as to justify a verdict that *John Inglesant* was "a miracle of ingenious dovetailing." And, *prima facie*, that verdict errs on the side of charity. The list of these borrowed authorities is very formidable. Shorthouse had levied important contributions (not as hints or even as paraphrases, but as verbatim pilfering) from (*inter alia*) the following books, some of them far from obscure or forgotten: Thomas Ellwood's Autobiography; Aubrey's *Brief Lives*; Antony à Wood; Burton's *Anatomy*; Lives of Ferrar and Henry More; Hobbes' *Leviathan*; Turbervile's *Book of Hunting*; Fanshawe Diaries; Evelyn's Diary; Wright's *Letters on Suppression of the Monasteries*. Some of the "levies" were immensely long, verbatim extracts, and barefaced because the originals were well known to scholars. Indeed, they were so reckless, so barefaced, so wholesale, that Mr. Fleming formed the theory that Shorthouse began the tale as a private literary exercise, and so continued it for years, and did not succumb to the risk of publishing it until his habit of pilfering had become second nature and the enthusiasm of his wife for the book had won him over to the venture.

"A Genius in Dovetailing."—The methods he employed out-Defoed Defoe, Coleridge and Sterne, and, in Mr. Fleming's view, stand alone and unique.

But that is not the whole story. *John Inglesant* remains a classic. It is not enough merely to deplore the shortness of public memory, to remark that the showing-up of Shorthouse by Fleming in 1925 was clean forgot in 1934 when S. K. Ratcliffe restated the damning evidence, and that the Ratcliffe disclosures had once more been clean forgot in 1945.

There is much more in this "miracle of ingenious dovetailing"—this receiving house of stolen goods—than the mere good luck of human amnesia.

This precise and sheltered, coddled and stay-at-home Quaker, who manufactured vitriol by day and pored over religious tomes after office hours, was a master thief, a supreme master of the difficult craft of mosaic-making.

If anything can justify literary pilfering, this book and its author's art can do it.

And, indeed, what he did is a miracle unique in literature. He breathed life and truth and purpose into a mass of salvage from a score of different materials on a scrap-heap of his own making, and there emerged an engine that seems to claim the attribute of perpetual motion.

The account of life at Little Gidding may be flagrantly stolen, but the love passages between John and Mary, the exchanges between John and his Puritan rival, these and scores more of great scenes and passages are inherited gold, the gifts of the spirit bestowed on Shorthouse and by him generously given to the world.

The matchless prose, the serenity and nobility of the hero's life and actions and speech, cannot be dismissed as pilfering, and could not have been achieved by the collection and rearrangement of other men's writings. Dozens of writers of historical novels have patently borrowed, and over their work, from Defoe down to Scott and downwards to Doyle and to the moderns, lies the smell of midnight oil. In *Inglesant* there is not a whiff of it. The air of Stuart England blows sweet and free from the green, unspoilt downlands. I am not so ready to assert that no miasma of midnight oil hangs over the Italian phase, but many good critics have spoken to its remarkable sense of reality and unstudied sureness of touch.

What Cannot be "Borrowed."—A novelist of merit is, *primus inter pares* among artists, a creator, and Shorthouse created one of the most noble and attractive and convincing characters in English fiction, and several other characters not much less remarkable and true for all time.

If he formed his living flesh on the skeleton of old bones, his alone was the genius which breathed life into the finished article. Indeed, what he succeeded in doing was much harder than creation from the egg. For dry bones are not a source but a negation of life. I remember as a small boy being taken over by my mother to see the painter Watts at Compton. He showed us, among other pictures, one depicting an arena full of bones and in the background (as far as I remember) beasts of prey. And, turning to me, he said: "Can these dry bones live, little boy?" My "intuition" suggested that the answer ought to be "in the affirmative," and apparently I guessed right. But I am glad he did not ask me how or why.

I fancy that any workaday journalist, like myself, who earns a living by writing articles and reviewing other men's books, would agree that it is far easier to write a passable thousand-word article on any subject under the sun than to turn out a creditable review of the same length. The two propositions are on all fours, and justify my conclusion that Shorthouse's pilfering methods added greatly to his difficulties as a creator of characters, if they assisted him in the collection of local colour. It is beyond the power of any novelist to derive atmosphere from books or to borrow that continuous inspiration which alone can create a classic. And so it is that, when Shorthouse's larcenies have all been proved according to the laws of evidence, my verdict sends him from the dock still in possession of his laurels—a great creator, a master of beautiful prose, a "one-book man," but—what a book!

"Then the sunset faded, and the etherial vision vanished,
And the landscape lay dark and chill. 'The sun is set,'
Mr. Inglesant said cheerfully, 'but it will rise again.
Let us go home.'"

I can never pass the neighbourhood of Worcester, nor hear its name mentioned, but I recall that short epilogue of noble language which has consoled me a hundred times when the landscape seemed dark and chill.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

ALADDIN (Cambridge).—In spite of record prosperity, and theatre shortage in consequence, room has been found for some seasonable Christmassy touches in the West End. This, the first of the pantomimes, is a good one, and so splendidly dressed that the appearance of the ladies of the chorus at the close of Part I drew the loudest applause of the evening, except that given to the Ganjou Brothers, who throw about, and catch again, that graceful little blonde Juanita in truly amazing fashion. That is not to say that the normal ingredients of *Aladdin* are not also praiseworthy. Miss Binnie Hale knows all about being a principal boy, and, what is possibly more important, looks the part. Mr. Hal Bryan is funny, on conventional lines, as Widow Twankey, and Mr. Martin Lawrence, the Emperor, is the largest and the most stentorian stage Chinaman I have ever known. Mr. N'Gai (odd name) puts in some odd work as a conjuring Abanazar.

The Glass Slipper (St. James's).—This fairy play, which is, in fact, *Cinderella* trying hard not to be a pantomime, is a pleasant and graceful affair, as those who saw the first production last Christmas will recall. There have been some changes of cast, with Miss Sara Gregory now the leading lady, and a very charming one. But to my mind the hit of the show remains Miss Lulu Dukes as "the Zany"—an unforgettable display of elfin grace, with humour unlimited.

The Land of the Christmas Stocking (Duke of York's).—Essentially, and probably exclusively, for small kiddies is this piece of whimsy now running for a series of matinées in the land of the bedroom farce. It tells of the adventures of two children who did not believe in Father Christmas and were magically transferred to a land of fairy-tales and nursery rhymes. It is well done, with some nice music, and will, I imagine, serve its purpose. I liked Miss Grete Unger as a performing, and very somersaulty, cat. Mr. Frederick Ranalow as Father Christmas, with his grand singing, is a delight.

Peter Pan (Scala).—The latest Peter is Miss Celia Lipton, who should be everybody's cup of tea. I remember her delightful performance in a recent revival of *The Quaker Girl*. Mr. George Curzon is an excellent Captain Hook—which he must find a bit of a change after appearing in *Œdipus Rex*.

HIGH-LIGHT OF THE PANTOMIME SEASON: Miss Binnie Hale, who plays the name-part in Emile Littler's colourful pantomime "Aladdin," at the Cambridge Theatre

BRITAIN'S SILKWORM FARM

At Lullingstone Castle, in Kent

SILKWORMS AT LULLINGSTONE DURING THEIR HIBERNATION PERIOD : They are placed in a wooden tray which is covered with mulberry leaves. The worms feed on the leaves and then crawl up the stacks of straw seen in the tray. Here they spin their silk cocoons. It takes 2,500 silkworms to produce 1 lb. of silk

MAJOR R. FIELD BIBB, manager of the silk farm at Lullingstone, is here examining the incubator in which the eggs of the silkworms are hatched

HAVING GIVEN UP HER CASTLE SO THAT HER SILKWORMS COULD FLOURISH, Lady Hart Dyke is now living in this small cottage on her estate : She hopes to have well over 3,000,000 worms by next May. To help her in her work she will employ fifty ex-Servicemen. The silkworms, housed in specially heated trays, can be seen in every room of the castle

ITALIAN PRISONERS ARE HERE AT WORK IN THE GROUNDS OF THE CASTLE, clearing the overgrown mulberry plantations : During the war the castle had been occupied by troops and the mulberry bushes neglected. The foliage of the bush is fed to the silkworms, thousands of which are housed in Lullingstone by Lady Hart Dyke, who has been breeding them for thirteen years

THE MANAGER OF THE SILKWORM FARM IS HERE INSPECTING THE REELING MACHINERY : Spun cocoons are placed in a basin of boiling water. A stiff-bristled brush rotates and picks up the ends of the silk threads : they are then threaded on to reels. Actually, the machine reverses the action carried out by the silkworms—instead of spinning the silk into a cocoon, as does the worm, the machine takes the silk threads and unwinds them from the cocoon

Lady Millicent Hart Dyke has given up her beautiful old-world Tudor home—Lullingstone Castle, near Eynsford, in Kent—to silkworms. The worms fill all the accommodation in the castle, even the Rectory and the bedrooms. Lady Hart Dyke has been breeding the worms for thirteen years. She is now living in a small cottage on the estate : later she plans to employ fifty ex-Servicemen.

During 1939 raw silk fetched 8s. 6d. per lb. ; to-day the price has reached £5 per lb. It takes 2,500 silkworms to produce 1 lb. of silk. By next May Lady Hart Dyke expects to have over 3,000,000 worms housed in special oil-heated wickerwork baskets which will occupy all the rooms in her castle.

When the silk has been processed she sells it to "very exclusive firms," who fashion it into sheer stockings, underwear and Court dresses. On most of the ground adjoining the castle are grown the mulberry bushes on the leaves of which the silkworms feed.

LADY MILLICENT HART DYKE, the owner of Britain's silkworm farm, shows some of the skeins of raw silk from her millions of silkworms, and a length of material in finished form. She expects a bumper crop from her silkworms this year

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A NEW YEAR BOOK MISCELLANY

The Civil Service Pilloried in Fun; Nazi Spies in the Jungle; A New Agatha Christie; Anthologies and Poetry

I ALWAYS feel that there are some authors who really enjoyed themselves in the writing of their books, and of these Mr. George A. Birmingham is one of the happiest. His new novel, **GOOD INTENTIONS** (Methuen. 7s. 6d.), is a genuinely amusing satire on the Civil Service. It starts with a little girl, on a wartime voyage to New York, having the idea of putting a message into a bottle and throwing it overboard. The bottle is picked up by another small girl in a remote village on the coast of Ireland. The two correspond, and their innocent messages are intercepted by a zealous official in the censorship office, who immediately suspects a code. An eminent Civil Servant is accused of a misdemeanour—or worse. The Treasury investigates and Naval Intelligence is called in. German submarines are suspected off the coast of Ireland, and it finally becomes necessary for a Very Important American—a fabulously wealthy man and a leader of the Republican Party—to take an extremely uncomfortable journey to Ireland.

The Civil Service is pilloried, but not too savagely, and so are certain traits in English, American and Irish characters. Irked as one is, constantly and daily, by official restrictions and regulations, this excellent crack at official pettiness will make you laugh, I hope, as it made me.

As some people are allergic to shell-fish, even when taken in small quantities, so am I in general to novels about spies, whether beautiful and black-satined or burly and mysterious. In spite of which I have just been reading an espionage story with considerable pleasure; certainly enough enthusiasm to recommend it to others.

ASSIGNMENT WITHOUT GLORY (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) is the story of a young American soldier, Brazilian by birth, who is assigned to Special Intelligence in South America. His problem is to discover and destroy radio transmitters and receivers which are sending details of sailings to German submarines and are spreading Nazi propaganda. The sets are difficult to locate by direction-finding equipment, because they are situated in the Matto Grosso jungle, where conditions help to defeat the searchers.

Mr. Marcos Spinelli has written an exciting book, of which I don't propose to tell you the climax, and has taught me once again the folly of generalising about types of stories.

VOICES ON THE GREEN (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is an anthology of new writing, poetry, pictures, and even music by distinguished contemporary authors, artists and musicians. Such an anthology, with famous names from Maurois to Priestley and from Spender to Tomlinson among its contributors, would be an acquisition to anyone's book-shelves. In this case there is an added reason for spending one's money so wisely, since the profits on the book will go to St. Mary's Hospital for Women and Children, in Manchester.

CALLING ALL ARMS (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) is one of the stories of British war production, of some 30,000 British men and women who worked night and day shifts through nearly six years, making history and making victory possible. Mr. Ernest Fairfax has told his story well, particularly from the point of view of the Morris factories and engine works, and the 130 photographs, some of them dramatic, some of them supremely technical, and one of them, rather surprisingly, of a dentist's chair, are an adequate addition added to his work.

Mrs. Agatha Christie deserves all the admiration that an appreciative public can show a really fine craftsman. In book after book, and I believe she has written about forty or more, her technical standard remains as high and the actual construction of her plots as sound. The novels may be more or less exciting, and more or less credible. I have even read one, let it be confessed, that was frankly dull. But none of them was sloppily put together, and none of them cheated in the final elucidation.

SPARKLING CYANIDE (Crime Club. 8s. 6d.) is pretty good on two counts: it is prodigiously readable and it has a really ingenious explanation of a murder mystery. The solution is a tricky one, but stays just this side of the incredible, and for that Mrs. Christie should have our applause. All that remains now is for you to read the book for yourself and see whether you agree with me.

THE ENCHANTED VILLAGE (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is an attractively produced and illustrated book for children of about ten to twelve. Mr. Guy Rawlence has written the story of three children who set off by train to visit their aunt at the seaside. Somehow (and it is one of those "somehows" only found in children's books) the train takes them instead to a strange village. There they are met by the jolly farmer's wife, who takes them to stay on the farm, where they have a happy time and help to find a hidden treasure.

Most exciting of all is the night of the Blue Moon, when all the statues in the village come to life and many strange and bewildering things happen.

SORRY, PARTNER! (Faber. 6s.) is an analysis of 150 bridge hands, as they were played and as they should be; an expert work by Dr. Paul Stern and Mr. A. J. Smith. The authors write, "we are sure that anyone who looks through this book will be pleased to find a lot of the things his partners have done to him, and, if he is honest, he will recognise some of the things he has done to his partners. This is all we want, but to be honest in our turn, we must admit that it has given some satisfaction to put these crimes on record."

Sir Alan Herbert's new little book of verse has been selected from his writings during the last two years, and is topical in character, since the greater part of it was written for a Sunday newspaper. **LIGHT THE LIGHTS** (Methuen. 4s.) is dedicated to "Our Finest Man," a title to which the final poem gives the clue if the reader had not guessed it right away. Here are verses to angry French generals, to the Home Guard, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to Bishops and to the Big Three.

The house that is the dominating "character" of a novel is not a new theme, but it is very often an effective one, particularly, I have noticed, when it is handled by a woman writer. Miss Elizabeth Berridge's **HOUSE OF DEFENCE** (Falcon Press. 8s. 6d.) is such a story, set in the Victorian era.

The story is built round the Travers family, who live in a large Bayswater house and are ruled by old Mrs. Travers, who loves her home and instils some of that devotion into the Welsh servant girl, Mara. At one time Mara leaves to go home to Wales, but returns, bringing with her her sweetheart, Rhys, who is allowed to stay in the house. The family is breaking up; there are only one or two of them left in the house, and gradually, as they too drift away, Rhys leaves and the old lady dies, Mara's affection for the house strengthens, and she resolves to stay on in it as housekeeper with the small legacy the old lady has left her.

None of this is particularly dramatic stuff, and all the charm is in the telling. Miss Berridge has the gentlest of touches and her work is agreeably soothing.

THE MONASTERY (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) is a clear factual account of the last week's battle before the fall of Cassino, and it has been written by an officer who took part in it, Mr. F. Majdalany, who was in the famous 76th Division. Whether or not it is yet too early to read of this magnificent action and to assess its full value to the Italian campaign, this book remains an excellent piece of documentation to keep for later reference.

MAINTAINING A FAMILY TRADITION: Junior Commander Mary Churchill at the microphone. Following in the footsteps of her famous father, whose radio speeches never failed to stir the nation, Junior Commander Mary Churchill recently broadcast an appeal on behalf of the Church Army's Hut and Canteen work for H.M. and Allied Forces in the B.B.C.'s "Week's Good Cause" series. Her mother, too, has broadcast, on behalf of the "Aid-for-Russia Fund"

THE FAMOUS SON OF A FAMOUS FATHER: The Soviet State Orchestra is conducted by Rafael Kubelik, son of Jan Kubelik. He is the chief conductor of the Prague Philharmonic Orchestra and son of the famous violinist. He made his first appearance in Moscow recently, when he conducted the U.S.S.R. State Orchestra in the Grand Conservatory Hall, where this picture was taken

THE SMARTEST RECRUIT IN INDIA: He is Cadet Jinah Singh, of the 14th Punjab Regiment, here seen saluting the C.-in-C. before receiving his award for being the smartest recruit for the year 1945-46 at the King's Royal Indian Military Academy. General Sir Claude Auchinleck, Commander-in-Chief in India, toured the Jhelum and Sialkot areas at the end of November, visiting military and civil establishments

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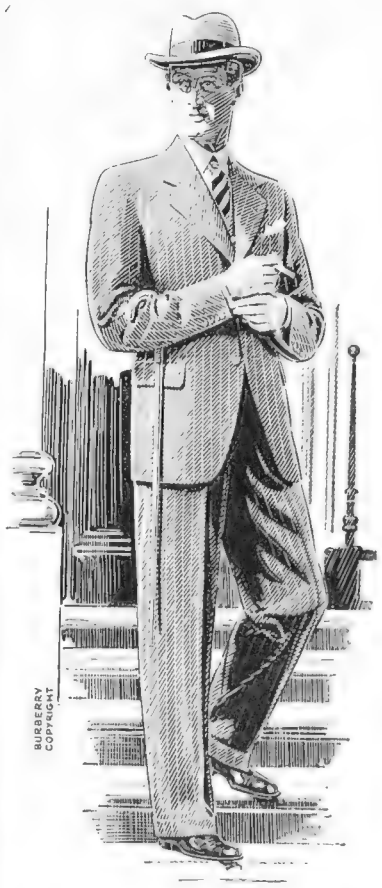

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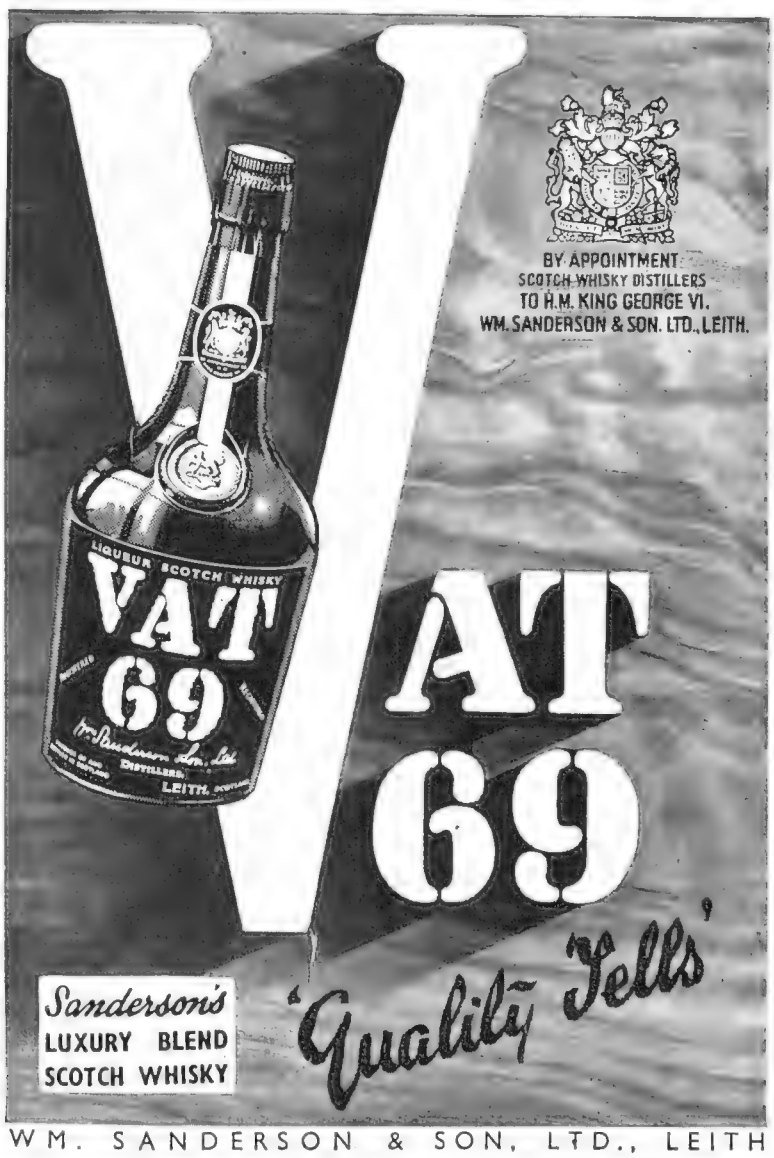

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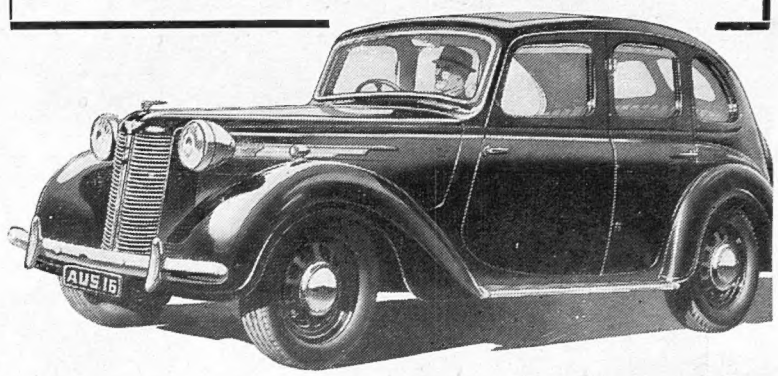

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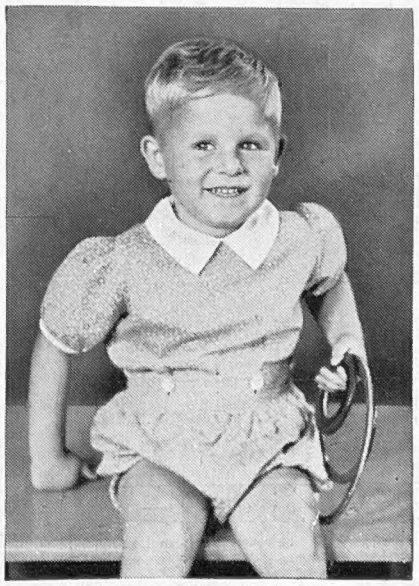

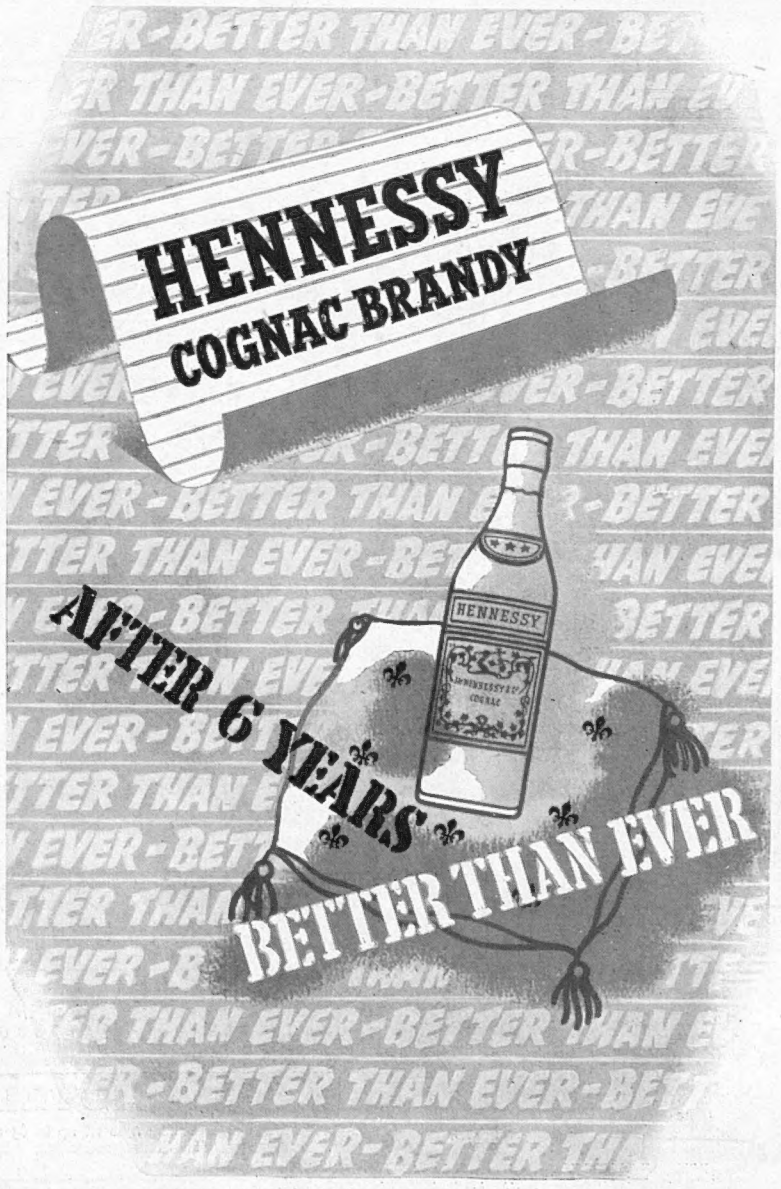

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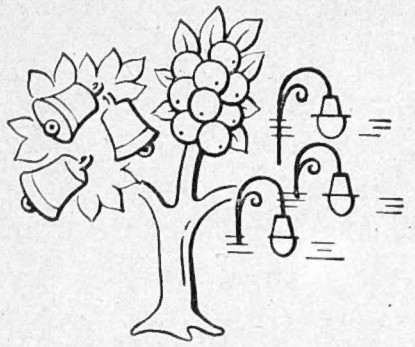

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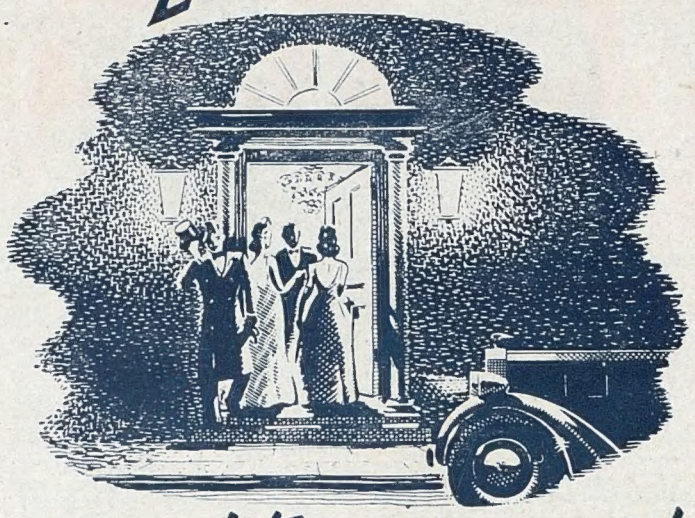

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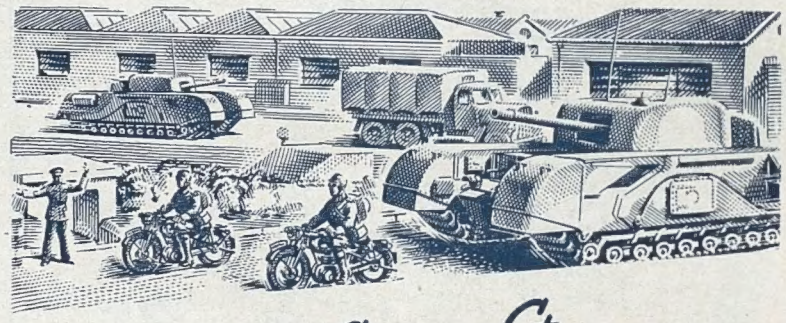

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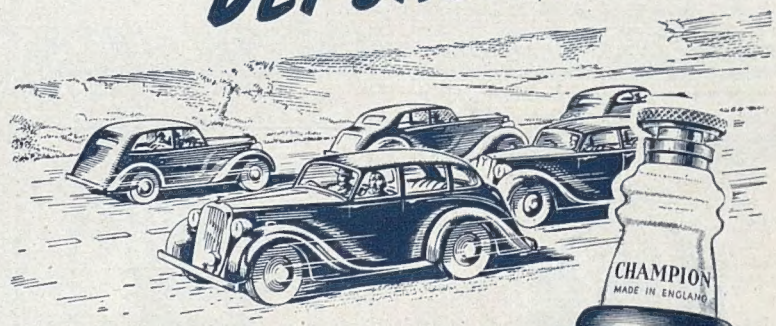

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